WORTH THE MONEY

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 66. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 5TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

GREETINGS

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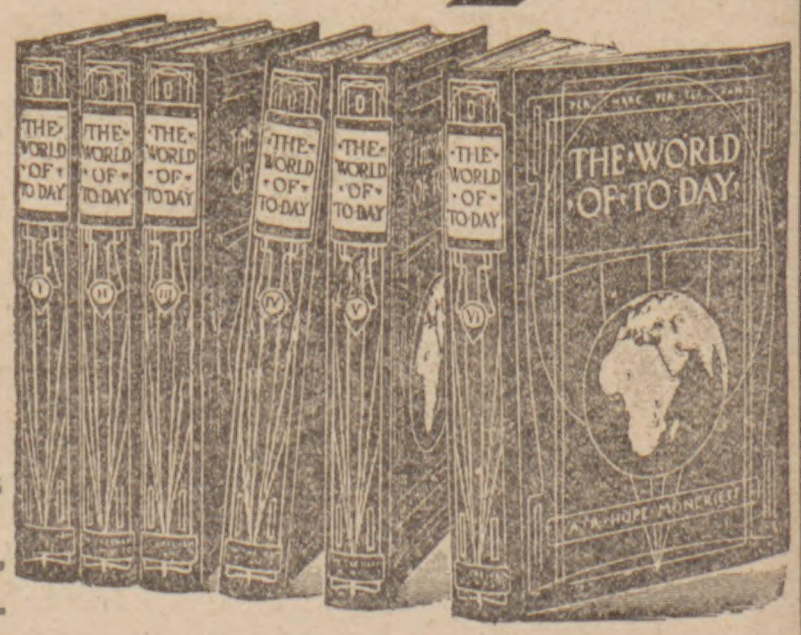

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 66. WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 5TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

MEN WHO IRRITATE.

SOME UNPLEASING TYPES.

To those of us who go about much among our fellow-men and who possess a large circle of casual acquaintances, it is clear that just as there are many men whom we are delighted to see coming towards us in the street, and whom we rush to shake hands with, there are, at the same time, various types of men who, try as we will to be sociable with them, excite within us an intense feeling of irritation.

For instance, have you ever come across the bluff, breezy, hearty-thump-on-the-back man? You have. Well, I'm willing to make a small bet that he gets on your nerves pretty considerably. He is a ponderous person, as muscular as he is brainless, and the thump that he delivers between your unfortunate blade-bones would make you think he took you for a try-your-strength machine. You are not naturally squeamish, but you do not like that sort of greeting, especially when it takes you unawares.

You could stand it if you liked the man, but you don't. He is a hypocrite. He doesn't care twopence about you, for all the hearty thumps he gives you. He gives them to everybody—everybody, that is, who he thinks is likely to respond favourably to his next formula.

This is: "I can see by your eye, old man, that you want to treat me," spoken with an assumption of jocularity which is sickening, for he would be deeply wounded in his tenderest feelings if you did not at once take the hint.

Another objectionable person is the man who is always talking about clothes. Every decent chap likes to be well turned out, and it is a distinct advantage to know what is becoming to one; but the man who never, under any circumstances, lets people forget that he is well-dressed, is a bore of the most irritating type.

"Oh, Jones?" you will hear him say. "He's a bit of an outsider, you know. Why, he actually wears a made-up tie!" This is, in his estimation, enough to damn anybody.

We all of us know the "blood"; and it is safe to say that none of us like him. His great joy in life is to let his fellow-workers know what a racketty time he had the night before; how he took a "dear little lady"—to use his own abominable expression—to supper at the Something-or-Other Restaurant.

I knew such a man once; and one of his peculiarities was that he always, without exception, went out to lunch by himself. One day, during the lunch hour, I happened to pass through a rather dark and secluded court, and there, though he tried hard to avoid me, I came upon him, consuming a couple of bananas. The secret was out. He stinted himself of the necessities of life, in order to enjoy his "good time" (*sic*) at night. Such men are harmless enough, perhaps, but it is irritating to think that human beings can be so senseless.

W. MILLS.

CHEEK.

"Brittle Men" is a phrase used by the "Daily Mail" to describe some "extraordinary cases." If the expression means men who are often "broke," they are by no means uncommon in Fleet Street and the Strand.

* * *

"Betting on Warships," runs a "Star" headline. "Well, I never!" commented dear old Mrs. Footler, when she read it. "Betting on horses is bad enough, but when it comes to betting on warships, Heaven help old England!"

* * *

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS.

"The best guide to popular opinion," says Mr. James Douglas, "is the theatre and the music-hall."

Attend, ye zealous students all,
The theatre and the music-hall,
For they reflect the true opinion
Both of the master and the minion.

The polished thief in well-cut breeches
Lives fatly on his fellows' riches;
But though his conscience seems a skinny 'un,
He's backed by popular opinion.

An oily person hugs and kisses,
In secret, some poor Johnny's missus;
But only an Uriah Heep'll
Blame such an idol of the people.

The World's Worst Girl, the Murd'rous Peer,
The man who "swipes his neighbour's beer,"
Are all supported by the nation,
And win our hearty approbation.

* * *

Says Lord Hardwicke, according to "M.A.P.": "I know a duke who worked in his garden every day, and had muscles on him as good as a Billingsgate fish-porter." But we always understood that a Billingsgate fish-porter was a rather naughty person.

* * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS: We cannot say whether, during the forthcoming Thomas Beecham Opera Season at Covent Garden, the price of boxes will be a guinea.

* * *

We learn from the "Nation" that just as the drama is always going to the dogs, the music-hall is always, according to a certain type of critic, soaring nearer and nearer to the angels. It is certainly finding more and more favour with the "gods."

* * *

"Upset in Rugby Trial," reads a headline in a sporting paper. Well, that's nothing startling. Rugby always was a rough game.

J. S. COX.

PLAYING FOR SAFETY.

A DEFENCE OF THE PRACTICE.

There exists a certain amount of unreasoning prejudice against the man who plays for safety.

The billiard player who gives a well-judged safety miss at a critical point of the game, is apt to be stigmatised as no sportsman. The football back who kicks into touch—I am talking of Soccer, for, of course, at Rugby touch-finding is an important part of the game—is jeered at, and so, too, is the team that, holding the lead but hard pressed, kicks out in the last stages of a match.

Of course, safety play may easily be overdone, as witness at cricket, but legitimately used and in moderation, safety is the mark of a good player who can use his head as well as his hands or feet.

To know just when to sit tight calls for a lot of judgment, for certainly nothing is more useless than ill-judged safety play.

For example, at games when you are hopelessly behind, it is no use playing for safety; you must go for the gloves every time. Equally, when you are winning very easily, it is no use bottling up your opponent, for you will merely drive him to desperation, and in his extremity he may accomplish superhuman deeds.

It is when you hold a fair, but not an overwhelming lead that the judicious use of safety may assure victory. Say that in a billiard match you are ninety-five and your opponent eighty-eight, then is the time, assuming you have nothing "left," to give a safety miss. Your opponent may retort with another, but at this stage of the game he cannot afford to give away even one point. Moreover, if you have given a well-judged miss, you will have left the balls in such a position that it is very difficult for him to score off them, while, on the other hand, if he gives a safety miss, you have an easy shot left on. You practically force him to attempt an almost impossible stroke, with the odds all in favour of his missing it and leaving you something.

Again, at golf when you are "all square" on the last greens you have two for the match, there is no earthly sense in trying to hole out in one. Your game is to make sure of getting down in two.

It may be said that this is very obvious, but men often fail to see what is bang in front of them. I remember seeing a well-known tennis-player throw away a minor championship through neglect of obvious safety play. The scores stood 1 sett all, five games all, 40-15 in his favour and he had the service. He smashed his first serve into the net, and tried another "express" for his second. His opponent won his own service and eventually the game and match. My man, of course, should have played for safety and avoided a double fault.

At cricket, as I have said, safety play has been greatly overdone. Last season we had the pitiful spectacle of great Test match batsmen afraid to hit half-volleys and long-hops. We have seen two county captains "declaring" under conditions that made a draw a certainty.

R. BEECHING.

HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF TRADESMEN

TIPS FROM A BUYER OF EXPERIENCE.

There are three distinct types of shopmen:

1. The man who knows nothing either about the different qualities of the goods he sells, or of the fashions that govern them.

2. The man who may have some knowledge of these points, but whose only object is to make a sale, whether the article is what will please you permanently or not.

3. The man who has taken the trouble to study his goods, and who has sufficient knowledge both of them and of his fellow-men to be able to supply the needs of each customer exactly.

Men of this type are not easy to find, but you recognise them readily enough when you come across them, and, as far as possible, you should patronise them, for money spent with them goes further than money spent with either of the first two classes.

GETTING BOOTS.

Suppose you have tender feet, and want a pair of boots that will look sufficiently smart for town wear and yet be perfectly easy. If you go to a shopman of the first type, he will show you specimens of his stock ranging from patent leathers to oiled shooting boots, and he will be surprised and possibly indignant when he finds that none of them is exactly your ideal. As for his practical advice, you will discover that to be a missing quantity.

The second type will persuade you, against your better judgment, to invest in a pair that you will eventually have to throw away because they give your feet agony.

The third, and the best, type of shopman will put a few apposite questions as to which colour you prefer, where you need the boot to fit easily, and so forth. He knows the kind of leather to give you, he measures the length of your foot exactly, and a glance shows him whether your toes are pointed or square.

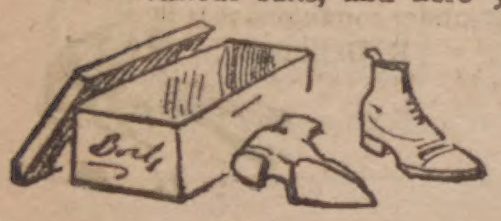
POLITENESS THAT PAYS.

Generally he succeeds at the first try in bringing you exactly the boot you need, and it is of the best possible quality at the price you have named.

Boots like these are comfortable from the moment you put them on, and they live to see several solings. Thus you save money and also prevent discomfort by patronising a tradesman who has made a study of his business and who is sensible enough to do his best to satisfy each customer in order that he may be recommended to others.

In buying such things as ties, the secret of satisfaction is to make the shopman turn out his entire stock for your inspection.

In this case you may rely upon all the stuff shown you being fashionable, for a good shop does not keep ties that are out-of-date; your only trouble is to find something that will go with your various suits, and here you cannot rely on the shopman's advice, for he does not know the various shades of colour in which your tailor has garbed you. It is therefore unwise to ask his advice, for the selection can be made by you only; but by seeing a large variety you make certain of finding something that is exactly right.



It is very rough on the shopman to have to turn out several boxes of ties if you are buying only one; therefore make your tie purchases when you are buying other things, such as shirts, socks, and pyjamas.

CASH v. CREDIT.

Another secret in the art of getting the most out of tradesmen is to pay cash for everything you buy.

Tailors and many others are obliged to allow credit to some of their customers; in fact, there are many businesses which have scarcely any ready-cash sales. All the same, a supply of ready cash is needed by the tradesman, and he appreciates the cash customer who hands it to him; it is upon such a customer that he bestows his best attention, and it is to such that he offers his best value.

There are many shops which do business wholly on cash lines, and with them you must not, of course, expect to receive a discount, but if you are patronising a credit shop and are paying on the nail, you should certainly demand a five per cent. discount on your bill.

WINTER CYCLING.

Though the condition of the roads during a long spell of wet weather leaves much to be desired from the cyclist's point of view, yet there are days when winter cycling is very pleasant.

The cleaning of a machine, after a muddy ride, is somewhat of a task.

Don't, however, attempt to expedite matters by standing it before a fire. Of course, it will dry quickly, but the tyres and the enamel will be seriously affected.

Let it dry by degrees, unless you want to buy new tyres in a few days' time.

If on a ride you are unfortunate enough to get a puncture and have no rubber with you, you will find a piece of paper will answer admirably as a temporary patch.

Be extra careful of tram-lines, and never forget, if you must cross them, to do it at as great an angle as you can manage.

A mudguard ought to be fitted with an extension—a guard of this sort is a great comfort during a long and muddy ride.

Don't have your lamp placed too low down—it is most annoying to have the glass and consequently the light almost obscured by splashes of mud.

LIGHTING MATCHES IN A WIND.

There is no more annoying situation for the average man to find himself in than to be in an unsheltered spot on a windy day at lighting-up time, trying in vain to light his bicycle lamp.

Or, again, when you are on top of a 'bus, bowling along at a good pace, and you wish to light your pipe, a series of futile scratches, and muttered big D's, growing in vehemence with the number of matches you throw away, is almost invariably followed by the replacing of your pipe in your pocket with unbounded disgust.

Most men go through the performance in such a case of taking off their hats or caps, resting them on their knees, and attempting to make a kind of wind-screen of them; but nine times out of ten this is a sorry failure.

Use ordinary safety matches; and before striking the match open the box half-way, and immediately the match is alight put the flaming end into the aperture thus formed until it is burning freely. Then, by making a cup of your hands in the ordinary way, you will be able to light your pipe or lamp with ease.

BOXING MADE SIMPLE.

SIXTH LESSON.

In the eleventh hit I am showing you another body blow, and I should like you to be very careful not to confuse this hit with the tenth. There you guard it with your right forearm, and here you guard with your left.

In the eleventh hit you wait till he leads off at your face, and then you throw up your left forearm so as to catch his glove. Keep the palm well to the front, so that he strikes you on the soft muscular part of your arm and stiffen your arm just sufficiently to prevent the force of his blow from driving it back upon your face.

XI.—Another body blow.

As you guard yourself, step in and deliver a right-hand body blow in the centre of his belt.

You will observe, now that you are getting on to the more advanced hits, guards, and counters, that several of those I am describing appear to resemble closely those that have already been given. Hence there is danger of your confusing them. To prevent this I should strongly advise you to cut out the various columns that have appeared on this subject, and to paste them up on a large sheet of cardboard. They are all the same length, and a chart of this description would look very well on the wall of your den or bedroom, besides being handy for reference when you are practising the hits.

If you have been following these lessons from the outset and have taken the advice I gave, you will have perfected yourself in each of the hits as they appeared, but if you are taking up the course now, and have not been practising the hits, I should recommend you very strongly not to attempt to learn too many at once. If you learn two in one evening it will be quite sufficient.

Go through them again and again until you can execute each movement automatically. It is well to get a friend to examine you in the hits, and to have him call out the numbers of them—one, two, three, and so forth. When you are absolutely perfect in a test of this sort, you should get him to call out numbers at random, such as nine, five, eight, two, and so on.

XII.—On the kidney.

Remember, however, that when it comes to actual boxing or fighting your opponent is not going to call out the number of the guard and counter which you ought to employ, and it is therefore absolutely necessary, if you are going to put the hits to any real use, that you should have continual practice in sparring.

In the twelfth hit you guard his lead with your left forearm exactly as described in the eleventh hit, but this time you parry his left away from you so as to turn his body slightly round. Then you get on a kidney hit with your right hand.

Do not confuse this hit with the eighth. In this one your left arm is underneath his, whereas in the other your left arm was above his.

G. GOWING.

[*Another article of this series will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

A SKETCH.

ROWELLED STEEL

By STEPHEN HURST.

Ride with an idle whip; ride with an unused heel—
But once in a way there must come a day
When the colt must be taught to feel
The lash that falls, the curb that galls,
And the sting of the rowelled steel. —KIPLING.

It was nearly twelve o'clock at night when Edward Presley arrived outside the house which had been his home for the nineteen years of his life.

A light was still visible in the room where the family sat of an evening, and he swore softly to himself. Evidently his father had not gone to bed yet. He was probably waiting up to see whether his son would come home.

For three days Edward Presley had not been home at all. He had been staying with a chum in another part of the town, a chum after his own heart, who agreed with him that no young fellow of spirit would submit to the hard-and-fast discipline of such a martinet as Matthew Presley.

He had enjoyed the stolen freedom with all the zest of the truant until this moment, but now his courage sank to zero. He quaked at the thought of what his father would say when once they met.

Crossing the street, he took shelter in an entry opposite, for it was raining. From there he watched the lighted window, cursing the cold and his own apprehensions, and endeavouring to argue himself into a state of confidence.

After all, he had done nothing very bad. The absence had been unpremeditated, and was solely due to the fact that he had taken too much to drink three nights before. No decent fellow would go home drunk, as long as he had a chum in diggings to put him up until he was his normal self again. Then there had been a day at the races, another night of drink, and a Sunday spent in card-playing.

"Oh, hell!" he muttered, as the draught down the entry made him shiver. "I've got to go through it. I may as well get it over."

And, giving his pluck no time to evaporate, he hurried across and rang the bell.

Nevertheless, an impulse for flight seized him as he heard the opening of an inner door and footsteps, but he resisted it. It was with sullen defiance that he encountered his father's stern gaze.

Matthew Presley spoke no word. He gazed at his son till the latter's eyes dropped. Then he stood aside, and Edward Presley walked past him towards the stairs.

"Not up there," said his father. "Here."

And he led the way into the room.

Hesitating only long enough to realise that escape from the interview was impossible, the son followed.

Matthew Presley took a chair, seated himself upright in it, and pointed to another.

His silence was formidable, threatening. It caused resentment to stir in the younger man. Why should he be treated like a criminal in the dock?

He sat down, determined to give back as much as he received; and the sullenness darkened on his face.

"Where have you been?" was the first rasping question.

Edward told him.

"Doing what?"

"Enjoying myself."

"What have you come back for?"

No answer.

"All your money gone, I suppose," continued his father cuttingly.

Again no response, though the other's eyes were now fixed on his, and there was smouldering hate in them.

"Have you thought," went on Matthew Presley, changing ground instinctively, "what this behaviour means to your mother?"

The other stirred in his chair. In some subtle way this seemed like hitting below the belt.

"She understands me better than you do, anyway," he retorted.

The statement was true enough to sting Matthew Presley to temper.

"She makes excuses for all your follies; if that's what you mean," he returned. "But I don't, and never shall. And, what's more, I've made up my mind to put a stop to them. I'll have no son of mine a bar-lounger, and I won't support a scamp.

"For two years—ever since I took you into the business—you've continually thwarted my wishes. I've taught you every branch of the building trade and tried to make you my right-hand man. I meant in time to take you into partnership if you showed yourself competent and reliable. You're my eldest son, and I wanted the business to be continued by you after I'm gone. But you've been a bitter disappointment all round. You've scamped your work; you've been eager for nothing but pleasure; you associate with all the laziest ruffians in the town; in fact, I've come to the conclusion that you're an idle, worthless, young blackguard."

He paused, and now that his anger had spent itself, he was ready to proceed more kindly, to make an appeal from the affection that underlies all difficulties between father and son.

But scathing denunciation just then was the surest means of hardening young Presley's heart.

An observer would have said that the temperament of these two was so much alike that clash of will was inevitable. Both were headstrong, both immovable in determination. Only, with the older man his character was set and rigid, while the younger's was in process of formation.

Edward Presley stood up. In the space of a minute his expression had become five years older. He was quiet, and there was more relief than regret on his face as he spoke.

"That's enough for me," he said. "You sha'n't support a scamp, never fear. I've told you many a time I shall never be any good in this place. There are too many outside temptations, and, another thing, I've got no chance to show what's in me so long as I'm with you. You want me to be what you want, and I want to be *myself*. That's why we've fallen out."

He walked to the door. His father took one step to prevent him; then his pride forbade that he should show he was relenting.

"I've been a blackguard right enough," continued young Presley, turning for a last word, "and perhaps I've got nothing in me to make me anything else. Anyhow, I'm going to find out."

He went upstairs, packed a few necessaries quietly so as not to disturb his mother, and left the house.

There was a five-thirty train to London, and he waited in the cold deserted railway station till it came.

II.

Edward Presley had been in London many times on pleasure trips, but the place had an entirely different atmosphere when he emerged into it with but twenty-three shillings and some odd coppers in his pocket. However, there was no need to fear, for he had a good trade at his finger-ends, and the first thing to do was to find some diggings.

His family had various business and private friends in the City, but he had decided on the journey up that they were the chief people to be avoided, inasmuch as they would be sure to communicate his whereabouts. Home should know no more of him until he had proved he was capable of something better than was at present believed.

It was the egotistic independence which has sustained countless thousands of young men who seek fame and fortune in great cities.

Metaphorically he was seated at a table with a monstrous appetite and all London on his plate. And it failed to occur to him that he might have a spell of acute indigestion before he had finished.

He took a cheap bed-sitting room in Chelsea, and before the day was out had called on half a dozen large firms of builders whose names were as familiar to him as the alphabet.

He called on many more the next day and the next, and the day after that he discovered that occasional 'buses and trams were a luxury that might easily be dispensed with. Very soon he had formed the same opinion about midday dinners.

In preparation for the following week he studied a map of London at a free library, choosing a district for each day, and making a list of builders, furniture suppliers, and plumbers and decorators.

At the end of that week he had come almost to the end of his money and altogether to the end of his egotism.

"This is not quite so simple as I had imagined," he reflected in his room on the Saturdy night. "I never knew till now what a splendid thing it is to have work."

He took to scrutinising men that he saw about the streets, in the shops and offices where he called in search of employment of any kind, and he wondered why they did not look proud and glad that they had got work.

The end of another week was approaching, and the fact that he had not the wherewithal to pay his rent worried him as it can only worry the young man who has lived at home all his life and taken its regular comforts for granted.

He was having his breakfasts, for which his landlady charged him sixpence a day, in his room. That would finish when she turned him out, as he fully expected she would do, and it was the only meal worthy the name that he was now having.

Then, like the sight of glad sunshine after gloom, he remembered that he had possessions that he could pawn. He had a silver watch, gold links, and quite a good supply of clothes.

The jewellery went first. He wasted nearly an hour in uncertain perambulations outside the pawnbroker's shop on his first visit before he could summon up the courage to go in, and he accepted what was offered gratefully and in haste.

But the subsequent few weeks taught him better, and by the time he owned thirty-two pawntickets he could haggle over the transaction like any Jew. He found much food for astonishment and a measure of grim amusement in discovering how very many things a man *could* pledge. Even his underclothes went, too.

But all the time he clung to one presentable suit, and kept his shirt and collar and socks clean by washing them in his bedroom at dead of night. And all the time his determination not to write home, or in any way to give in, strengthened as his hardships made him physically weak.

And one day another ray of light came to cheer him.

"No dam' good calling *here*," declared a young man in an office where he called. "Always go round to the shops at the back and get hold of

the foreman. *He's* the man. If you turn up at six to-morrow morning, I believe there's a job open."

Edward Presley didn't sleep that night. He sat at his bedroom window, listening to the chiming of every quarter-hour of a neighbouring clock.

At four o'clock he set out. At half-past four he was on the spot. There was a small crowd of men already there, and it grew as time went on.

At five minutes past six he was walking away in despair. He had seen the face of the lucky one, and though he wished him luck, he could have struck him.

An elderly man caught him up.

"Here, matey," he said hurriedly. "You look a bit sick. Get a cup of coffee. It'll do you good."

Edward Presley stared down at three-halfpence in his hand. He stood looking after the retreating form of the man and looked again at the coins.

Then hot tears rushed to his eyes, tears of anger, of impotence, of shame.

"My God!" he said. "And has it come to this!"

And he turned into an alley and blubbered like a child, with his arm on the wall and his head buried in it.

* * * * * * *

"Anything going?" inquired Edward Presley.

It was a small plumber's shop.

"Nothing. Trade's slack."

Young Presley had never pleaded, and he wasn't going to now. He turned away.

"Half-a-mo'!"

Understanding eyes were bent on him. Edward scowled.

"What's y' line?" asked the man.

"Anything."

"Could y' limewash a cellar? 'T'aint much to offer ye, but it's waiting to be done."

"Only give me the chance," said Edward.

Another pause.

The man put his hand in his pocket.

"Better get some breakfast first," he suggested.

"I'd rather do something for it before I take the money," said Edward.

"Rats!" said the man with rough good-nature. "I know when to trust a chap when I see him. Come back here in an hour."

And that was Edward Presley's start.

TITLED MOUNTEBANKS.

Whether or not the House of Lords is a useful institution in the government of the country is a matter of political opinion, and in these remarks it is not intended to cast any reflection on this House, but merely to point out the shortcomings of certain of its members.

One of the crying scandals of modern commerce is that a regular price is fixed as a salary of a peer who will allow his name to be on the list of directors of a new company. When they see the name of the Earl of ——— on the directorate, the public take for granted that the company is a sound one and conducted on straightforward, honourable lines.

In too many cases, however, the sole purpose of the flotation of the company is simply to extract money from the unwary, and the noble director takes no part in it except the drawing of his salary each quarter day. For three hundred pounds a year you can get as the director of any company, no matter how fraudulent it may be, the holder of an honoured name.

The reader will recall various instances where holders of titles at the present time are degrading them by using them as a means of self-advertisement. For a peer to earn his living is a perfectly honourable thing; but for him to use his title instead of his talent in the process is disgracing the heritage that has passed down to him.

It would be well if, for these mountebanks, a system of trusteeship were instituted. By this means a man who disgraced his title might be deprived of it, although it might be resumed by his heir. If some such system were followed, our men of title would be more respected by all other classes.

A STIRRING SCOTCH GAME.

A STIRRING SCOTCH GAME.

Where two or three men are gathered together the talk usually turns to sport.

If the men are at all keen, they are sure to discuss eagerly the merits of different games. But here and there you will get a man who sits still and says nothing—only smokes and listens.

It may chance he is not a sporting man; this, however, is not probable, as like draws to like, in sport as in other things. It is much more likely he is the most athletic of the band. He is sure to be asked to decide the question, and the chances are ten to one that, if he has ever played it, he will say that shinty is the game of games.

Many men have never heard of shinty, many think it is a sort of Highland hockey. But here and there you will meet a man who has played it, and he will have marks to remember it by.

AN IDEAL GAME ON THE ICE.

Shinty is a game that can really only be played on ice—real ice—and in the open air. Naturally, therefore, it cannot be called a popular game, nor is much known about it.

It is played a lot in the Northern Midlands of Scotland, and more rarely in the South, but I have seldom met an Englishman who has played it or even heard of it being played. Nowadays many play a game which they call shinty, but which is really hockey on ice.

A form of the game is often played on dry land in the Southern counties where ice is not often available, but it can never be quite the same as the real thing.

The rules in shinty are few. The game is played by two sides, with from five to eleven players a side. Each side has a goal, of which the size varies in accordance with the size of the pitch.

The object of the game, of course, is to put the ball through your opponents' goal. There is no "off-side," and you can shoot from any part of the field in front of the goal.

LESS FETTERED THAN HOCKEY.

Unlike hockey, there is no rule about raising sticks, nor any qualification as to size, &c. You can stop the ball with your foot, but must not kick it.

The game, as one can see, is much faster than hockey, or even bandy. It is probably the fastest game played, and is essentially a game for the country, where the ice is not overcrowded. The pitch should be a fair length, as this opens out the game and minimises the risk of accidents, which is always considerable. Very few games take place in which there is no one hurt, but the injured man is usually lugged to the side and left to the tender mercies of the spectators, while the game goes on with unabated vigour. It is often played with hockey sticks, but the original game was, and still is, played with sticks cut from the bushes by the loch side.

Several years ago a great shinty match took place between two rival parishes, one in F——shire, the other in P——shire. The teams—nine a-side—had been very carefully chosen. F——'s team was the faster, but the P—— men were heavier and harder on the ball.

On the Saturday the game took place quite a crowd—for Glencailly—had appeared. It included the laird, a noted shinty player in his younger days, and many curlers who had given up shinty for the quieter game.

Early in the game a stalwart ghillie on the P— side distinguished himself by skating hard into the opposing left winger—a divinity student and the laird's son—just as the latter was balanced for his shot. Both went down, but the student had to be carried off unconscious. He was not long in coming round, however, and had his revenge in scoring three goals for his side and incidentally winning the match for them. The scoring was high and the casualties were many.

But it was a great game; even the laird admitted the play was as good as it had been in his days, though he complained that we made it more of a parlour game. But as his own son was laid out twice, he had little cause to grumble on that score.

AN EXCITING MOMENT.

It may not sound attractive to read about, but that is not the fault of the game. It must be played to be appreciated. The glory of a skimming rush over the black, ringing ice, with the other team tailing behind, and the back doing his utmost to cut you off; the ecstatic agony of the moment when you don't know whether you will run clear of him, and the grand finale when you just get past and hear the back go smashing into your pursuers, while you glide round and up to the goal and slip the ball in—that is the salt of life.

Of course, there is a reverse to the medal, when the back *does* catch you. Then you lash the ball wildly across the ice hoping your side gets it, and down you go, only hoping that no one will kick you in the head with his skates.

Your list of probable injuries, when the back tackles you, is large. You may get a hole in your head from a sharp-pointed skate, you may get a bone broken—arm, leg or collar—or you may only be stunned or winded, but very rarely indeed do you get off without some little souvenir.

Of course, the game does not consist of a series of mad rushes down the ice, a collision, then a body dragged ruthlessly to the side and cast uncared for on the bank.

NOT ALL RUSHES.

There are probably not half-a-dozen of these rushes. The fewer the players the more frequent the rushes, but with over seven playing, there is little chance of one, unless the backs are rash, and get too far from their goal. The game is more a series of scrambling scrimmages with much hard hitting.

But the excitement of it, the enthusiasm, beggars description. A man who plays shinty will cheerfully tramp miles after a hard day's work to play by the indifferent light of a waning moon.

When the word goes round the parish that the ice is bearing and the curling flag is hoisted on the castle, skates and straps are looked out and old and well-tried sticks rescued from forgotten corners.

Lanterns mark the goals, and a three-quarter moon gives sufficient light to play by.

Soon a side is started, and is constantly added to as more and more arrive. All non-combatants get off the pitch, and a scattered ring of eager watchers surrounds the players.

Critics are not wanting, nor are their remarks always politely flattering. In the fickle light mishits are many and collisions frequent, but no one is seriously hurt, and as they return home tired and sore, their one hope is for a steady frost and a game on the morrow.

A. CATTENACH.

A MAN'S GODS

IDEALS, RELIGION, AND HERO-WORSHIP.

A short while ago a play entitled "False Gods" was produced in London, which was striking in several ways.

It did not have a long run, because it was more in the nature of a spectacular sermon than a play; and the majority of people do not go to the theatre to be instructed, but to be amused.

But one of the ways in which it was striking I am going to take the liberty of repeating here. It declared in no mistakable terms that people would rather have gods that were false than have no gods at all.

Now, that statement, it appears to me, is striking, because at first sight it seems irrefutably true, and on closer inspection it is undeniably untrue.

Where it errs is in affirming that gods can be false at all. People have had, must have, and always will have gods; but to say that any of them have false gods is a contradiction in terms.

Gods do not exist except as objects of worship, and if the worship be sincere then they are not false, and if the worship be insincere then they are not gods at all.

In a sentence, gods are made by men, not men by gods.

I know that in putting forth that opinion I am in danger of being judged a heretic; but do not be hasty to forget the great difference between gods and God.

The gods that were set up and worshipped in the olden days were the results of men's endeavour to materialise their conception of a spiritual God.

Then, once they had got the tangible evidence of their faith, many of them forgot the spiritual altogether, and a couple of generations was sufficient for the grotesque thing of wood or stone to be accepted as the Actual God. Yet even then that god was not false, simply because they believed it to be true.

IMPERFECT IMAGES.

The faith that moves mountains can also create gods, and the one God who rules unseen is only imperfectly represented when we attempt to set up the image of Him. If it were not for the knowledge in the hearts of us all that there is a God, we should never have felt the desire to worship. It is a matter of the effect proving the cause.

Now, we do not manufacture gods of wood and stone nowadays and bow down and worship them, but we each of us have our gods, and have them in a sense quite as definite.

We each select out of our material world things to be worshipped, and in doing so I do not believe we are guilty of unfaith towards the One True God. For here again we are merely paying homage to that which resembles in some way our conception of the Perfect.

When a man falls in love with a woman he endows her with virtues and graces which are not perceptible to other people, and which, very probably, she does not possess.

LOVE AND WORSHIP.

But love of that description is only another name for reverence or worship, and the only explanation and creation of it is that a man cannot reverence or worship a thing that he does not believe to be higher than himself.

Blind fools and ignorant are they who deride the poetical fancies that a man weaves around the character of his beloved. All that they can see and criticise is the woman's physical being. It is beyond their understanding that she is to that one man the earthly representation of what he has dimly imagined of his God. She is merely the medium through which the Eternal conveys its commands to the Temporal. And if any man doubt this, let him reflect on the great deeds of which history gives us records, deeds that have been done solely through the uplifting influence of love.

Shakespeare, Dante, Beethoven, Goethe, Byron, Carlyle—these are deathless names, yet it was the god that each made of one woman which interpreted for each the Personality of God, and, through that interpretation, the Personality of Man.

I could say far more about this save for limitations of space. I could show that to what extent a man reverences love, exactly to that extent is he small or big in nature. And in speaking of love I am thinking little of the sexual part of it—which is, after all, as transient and incidental as the life of the body.

LITERARY IDOLS.

But I want to touch upon the other gods which the average man creates for himself during the course of an average existence.

A fellow that I met once confessed openly and readily that Rudyard Kipling was one of his gods. I need not repeat the reasons he gave. As a matter of fact, the reasons were less convincing than the shine of enthusiasm in his eyes. For reason, I may remind you, is as inferior to faith as instinct is inferior to reason.

There are few men who have not had some writer for their god. Many to-day, especially the young, worship Omar Khayyam. All, or nearly all (I must not forget the independent attitude of Mr. Bernard Shaw), bow the intellectual knee to Shakespeare. Some—and I am one of them—discern the spirit of real genius in that self-same Bernard Shaw and pay homage to it.

Some men have their political gods—statesmen who in their eyes can do no wrong. There are few such political idols alive to-day, but Gladstone and Disraeli were of the type, and each was a god to his party and to generations yet unborn.

GODS OF WAR.

There are soldiers who are gods to lesser men. Yes; when we admit a man to be an object of our worship we admit him to be greater than we. And frank humility is good for the soul. Lord Kitchener is one; Lord Roberts is another. There are many more. They inspire admiration, the aspiration to emulate, to rival, to grow bigger than we are.

The one God is changeless; the gods of men change. No true man worships the god he has set up in his mind for long. Why? Because his personality is constantly undergoing development. The god he created yesterday does not suffice for to-day. He has grown beyond it. It has made him grow—and that is the virtue of gods.

Let it be worship of an athlete, of a woman, of a child, of a King, it is all the same. By the worship of what he reveres he is, by very act, acknowledging his belief in the Master God, and owning himself to be conscious of a destiny in which his desires will be fulfilled.

For a man's gods are only representative of what he desires to be himself.

A. G. STORM.

THE DOWNLAND SHEPHERD.

A STUDY.

From some points even in the heart of the little town one can catch brief glimpses of the downland range that lies a few miles inland—a splendid walking ground on early-closing day or Sunday, and an ideal waste for Territorial work, as has already been dicovered.

Even on the hottest summer days the hills are too remote for the many who crowd upon the sea-front fearing to lose sight of each other or to stray beyond reach of the sound of the band.

But if they are remote in the pleasant summer days, they are clean out of the habitable world—for the many—on these drenching days of winter. Seen through the misty rains, they stand dim and forlorn, only a little darker in colour than the heavy rain-clouds that drop in all-enveloping folds down upon their summits and partly hide their upper slopes.

As a picture of desolation and isolation they are unequalled, although they still draw with irresistible appeal the man who dares to face Nature alone.

But throughout most of winter's short and variable days one man, in absolute solitude, save for the sheep and his dog, paces over the sodden turf from early morning till late at night, and sometimes in the night, too, when snow is falling heavily and is liable to drift in the combes or clefts in the hills where the sheep may fall and perish.

From the shelter of the town the downland shepherd seems a miserable man indeed. He is completely at the mercy of every sort of weather. It may blow a soft gale with scudding clouds from off the sea, laden with parching salt spray and the vigour of open waters; it may rain from leaden skies for days, without a break long enough to dry the sticky tracks in the chalk and make "going" easier; it may blow and snow at the same time, sending the blizzard swishing up the hillsides and shrieking through the clumps of fir and beech that crown many of the highest beacons; or it may be still and clear and crisp with white frost spangles everywhere.

But, whatever the weather, the lonely downland shepherd will be out on the hills with his dog and his crook, directing the movements and feeding his flock with the confidence of a general manœuvring his forces.

Probably ninety-nine out of every hundred men would think of this solitary figure of a man pacing to and fro on the distant hills with something akin to pity, but the shepherd would not thank them or even think much of them for their misplaced commiseration. For on the hills he has learned many things, chief of which is a happy contentment.

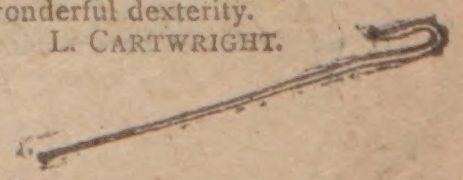
There is no place on earth like the remote spaces of the everlasting hills to instil into a man's mind this spirit of calm reflection. There is no distracting clash up there, and though the shepherd from long silence becomes slow in speech and in the expression of his thoughts, he has compensations in the absence of worrying problems that beset mortals down in the towns and villages. His is straightforward work, requiring a lot of useful knowledge that can only be learned from the book of experience.

Ask him a question, and he will scan the whole horizon before he begins to reply, as if making sure of his facts by adjusting them with Nature's signs and laws, and then you can almost hear the creaking of the doors of his mind as they swing open on heavy hinges to let out a few soft slow sentences of shrewd common sense and rough mother-wit.

The elements have moulded him into a cheerful, silent, vigorous, natural man. Generations of shepherding influence run in his blood; farther back than he can trace his ancestors were shepherds.

He was born, like them, with a dog at his side and with a crook at arm's length. The beating of the flocks is never out of his ears, and he can manipulate hurdles with wonderful dexterity.

L. CARTWRIGHT.



FROM OUR READERS

CYCLING ON ICE.

A pal of mine was telling me what capital fun can be got out of cycling on a frozen pond or stream. His address is "Somewhere, N.B." So he knows what he is talking about.

Of course down South it is only very occasionally that we get a sufficiently severe sample of old King Frost's best efforts in this direction, but still a country road well iced over is by no means a bad substitute, and the chap who likes cycling at all seasons has only to take a few precautions and he will find that cycling on ice is capital fun.

The novice will doubtless at first skid about a bit when he gets on the ice, because he cannot get a grip of that slippery material, but—and here's the tip—the tyres must be deflated, and the rest is easy; you can do a lot of trick cycling on ice.

In cycling on ice-bound roads don't overdo the speed. Choose a level stretch, and be prudent in going downhill and round corners.

Of course it is possible to have a special make of tyre-cover—a sort of steel-studded affair—and with these race-speed might be attained.

It need scarcely be said that, unless the frost is continual, ponds and lakes are better not attempted by the cyclist. By sticking to the roads he will get plenty of exercise and excitement minus the danger.

SOME HINTS FOR SMOKERS.

Ordinary clay pipes, such as are sold for a halfpenny or given away in most public-houses, can be made to colour as well as the specially made colouring clays.

Put the pipe into a glass of water and you will hear a hissing sound. Leave the pipe in the water till the sound has ceased, and then put it to dry on a marble or stone slab of some sort, say, on your mantelpiece or on the window-sill. When it is dry, you will find it will colour very quickly.

Have you ever decided to have one more pipe before turning in, and then found that you have used your last match and that the fire is so low that even a spill won't light at it? Here is a dodge that sometimes works in such cases. In addition to your spill have a piece of flat dry paper, tissue for preference. Put this on the embers. It may possibly flare up when the spill wouldn't, and then you can light the spill at the blaze.

Have you ever found that your favourite brand of tobacco has the drawback of going very dry in the pouch or tin? Well, try this tip. Moisten a piece of blotting paper and place it, if you keep your baccy in a tin, on top; and if you use a pouch, all round the bottom of the latter. This will keep your tobacco nice and moist.

If you use wax vestas, always turn your pipe sideways when lighting it. This will prevent the wax from falling on the tobacco.

When you are "breaking in" a new briar pipe, always smoke it for the first two or three times out of doors. It is not a bad plan to insert a red-hot poker in the bowl before filling it, so as to prepare the surface of the wood.

TWO USEFUL ARTICLES.

Every man cannot provide himself with a valet, but he can obtain two very useful dummy valets which will save him a lot of trouble. One is a trouser-stretcher, the other a trouser-press.

Of course, both can be bought very easily—or there is more than one combined article on the market.

But the man who is handy with tools, and whose purse is not too well lined, can make himself very good substitutes for the bought apparatus.

A trouser-stretcher can be formed of strong wire bent to a convenient size and shape. It must fit the trouser-leg, and, of course, it must be duplicated.

A trouser-press is a little more complicated than the stretcher. It need not be made of thick wood. Two pieces of board are needed, which should be about 2ft. 5in. long and about 14in. wide.

At the top and bottom must be fixed either wooden cross-bars or metal ones; then get some

bolts and screws, and fix them through the projecting ends of the cross-bars of the top board, and bore holes to correspond in the ends of the cross-bars of the bottom board.

The pressure can be regulated by means of thumbscrews, the trousers, of course, being placed between the top and bottom boards.

The metal screws, however, may be dispensed with by putting loops of stout string over the ends of the cross-bars, and screwing them up like a tourniquet by putting a small piece of wood through the loop.

A primitive trouser-press of this kind can be made for next to nothing, for the wood may be obtained from a packing-case, and need not even be planed, for the press is not wanted for show.

GENERAL ATHLETIC CLUBS.

It is surprising how few athletic clubs cater for more than one branch of sport.

Why should an athletic person have to join, say, a football club, a cricket club, a cycling club, and a pack of harriers?

If some club were formed which embraced all similar sports, what an advantage it would be, both to the individual member and the club itself! The club would be much larger numerically; it would have better financial resources, and could command certain success at its social functions, such as whist drives, dances, concerts, sports, and so on.

The individual member would benefit largely, for instead of having to pay several subscriptions as formerly, he would only have to pay one. His social circle would be greatly enlarged, and, best of all, he would be attracted to the other branches of sport connected with the club in which he had been unable to participate before.

Enthusiasm could be kept up in many ways. There would be great interest taken, for instance, in a football match between the harriers and the cricketers of the club, or a quarter-mile sprint between the swimmers and the footballers.

In fact, there is no limit to the possibilities for sport and amusement if the club were conducted properly.

May the day be not distant when such clubs will be the rule, not the exception.

PRIZES OFFERED

weekly for the best paragraph on some subject of masculine interest.

If your paragraph needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it.

Don't exceed 300 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 2s. 6d. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we will consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

The first prize this week goes to Mr. John Gordon, 44, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for "General Athletic Clubs."

FOR THE HANDY MAN AT HOME.

A capital way to stop a leaking pipe is to clap a linseed poultice round it.

Domestic tin utensils can be repaired at home quite easily by applying a little solder to the holes, but care must be taken during the operation that the holes are not made larger by heating too large a surface.

This is but one of many instances in which it is possible to save a great deal by acquiring a little elementary technical knowledge and doing things for oneself instead of "having a man in" or sending things away to be mended.

A good plan for saving gas is to get a piece of brass about an inch broad, a couple of inches long and, say, one-sixteenth of an inch thick. Light the gas and turn the tap until the flame covers about half the mantle, and place the piece of brass on top of it.

Of course, as soon as the metal gets hot, it acts as a magnet and draws the light to the top of the mantle, and you get a splendid light at half the expense.

WHEN YOU GET HOME LATE.

Has it ever happened to you to get home to your "diggings" very late, when your landlady has gone to bed, and to find yourself infernally hungry? And then have you rummaged about in your cupboard and made a more or less unpalatable meal of biscuits or bread-and-cheese? It is very long odds you have.

Well, in such a case why not try a Welsh Rarebit? It is about the easiest possible thing to make; and though the majority of doctors don't recommend it as a supper-dish, there are few men who bother about their baleful warnings if they are keen on it at all.

The first step is to make a piece of toast. This is not a matter of much difficulty, if your landlady has been thoughtful enough to keep a fire in for you. We will suppose she has done so, at any rate.

Then chop up a piece of cheese into little chunks, put them into a small saucepan with a touch of mustard and about a teaspoonful of beer; and let it melt on the fire. Stir it until it is melted, then pour it on your buttered toast, and the trick is done.

Then if—as most sensible chaps do—you possess a bottle or two of beer roosting in your cupboard, you will in all probability sit down to a very enjoyable little supper.

HAND-STROKE BILLIARDS.

What is hand-stroke billiards? It is presumable that the great majority of men have never even heard of it. But in nine cases out of ten, after playing a game of billiards proper, they have for a minute or two enjoyed a crude form of hand-stroke billiards. That is, they take the balls in their hands, and attempt to play strokes, in this way, as they would do with a cue.

Some thirty-six or thirty-seven years ago Monsieur Izan, a French billiard professional, visited England, and gave the first exhibition of hand-stroke billiards ever seen in this country. His skill in twisting the balls into the pockets, and bringing off cannons by spinning one ball on to the others with his fingers was so great that people flocked to see him, and paid prices for admission ranging from five to seven guineas.

Soon two English cueists, Herbert and Charles Roberts, took a leaf out of the Frenchman's book, and, after much secret practice, started a tour on their own account, Herbert taking the title of Champion English Hand-Stroke Player. But with his death in 1887 at the age of thirty-three, the history of hand billiards closed for some time. Now, however, there are some signs of the game reviving.

In every stroke played the ball must be spun; and a trial will be enough to convince anybody that considerable skill is required to play the game successfully.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S HORSE

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Trooper Kernahan, of that excellent and amply titled Territorial Unit, the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry, was spending a most enjoyable evening beneath the shelter of a felt-roofed and tarred shed—a pleasance hired for the munificent sum of one shilling per week from a rheumatic market gardener whose plots lay beyond Brermouth.

From the roof a big stable lamp, picked up for the merest of songs, threw a glimmering light on the scene.

Trooper Kernahan was hard at it. His shirt sleeves were rolled up, showing a pair of clearly-muscled arms. His hair, usually so brusquely parted, presented a somewhat unkempt appearance. He had removed even his stock-tie—a two-and-sixpenny triumph of the leading local hosier's and hatters.

And all this revolutionary disorder was due to a line in the Orders, which in the bold words of officialism stated that Brermouth South Downs would be the scene of "B" Squadron's first mounted drill of the year, "all ranks to attend."

The night before was therefore socially blank as far as most of the members of Squadron "B" were concerned.

It is one of a Yeoman's most sacred duties to see that his saddlery is fifty per cent. more than merely cleanly "on the day." In the unwritten military catechism, the first thing a man has to learn is to honour his saddlery as himself—that his days may be cheerful in that four years state of Territorial existence to which the Government and Duty have called him.

Sergeant-Major Brighton's words, terse at any time, had been full of emphasis anent the saddlery. The supreme Colonel of the Regiment—best of men—was turning up at that first mounted drill, a thing unusual. Wherefore "B" Squadron had been unofficially requested by the Sergeant-Major to muster in *full* force—or earn much (official) displeasure, and the (unofficial) rough edge of his tongue.

Neither things are pleasant to budding Yeomen, especially in a squadron that has a reputation to preserve, and in which the cleanly majority are apt to kick the uncleanly minority for the enormity of their offences.

Wherefore Kernahan, who in his embryo harness-room was putting the finishing touches to his saddlery, was not surprised to find his solitary fastness invaded by Trooper Carteret, a tall, slender, not to say fragile-looking youth, whose "heart was too big for his body," and who was too liable to mistake mere steel brightness for the true standard of metal-part brilliance set by Sergeant-Major Brighton.

"Phew! I've been at it all the evening," said Trooper Carteret, as he admiringly gazed upon Trooper Kernahan's stirrups, which were like unto the silver of a Queen Anne tea-pot; and, further, noted the advertisement-for-boot-polish shine upon the leather saddlery. "All the bally evening, and hanged if I can get those bits up to any sort of a sparkle. . . . . So I've brought them and the stirrups to you, my young enthusiast."

"Well, of all the cool——" Kernahan began, as he started on his own stirrup-leathers.

"'Spose you think it's cheek?" Carteret suggested, blandly.

"Oh, *no*, of course not! *I* don't mind dry-nursing the bally Squadron! *Why* didn't you bring your saddlery complete, your shoulder chains, and your crests? I like a thing done thoroughly," said Trooper Kernahan, bitterly, "or not at all."

Carteret regarded him in mock fear.

"Give us a pipe o' baccy, then," he said, and, seating himself as comfortably as possible on a rather hard bench, he filled his briar from Trooper Kernahan's pouch, while that young gentleman cursed softly.

"One of my ideas," said Trooper Carteret, "is that friends aren't much good if you can't make use of 'em. . . . Wish you wouldn't smoke such strong baccy, though."

Trooper Kernahan cast a despairing, but resigned glance at his visitor, and seized from his hand the limply-held contrivance known as the bridoon.

"'Pon my soul, I don't see what you're so nasty about, Kerny. It meant this, or coming on parade looking like a mildewed militiaman on horseback. Think of the common good, my boy, and just oblige me by admiring my *esprit de corps*. I was your recruit. It's my duty to be some sort of credit to you, I suppose."

Trooper Carteret, now using Kernahan's coat as a cushion, went on taking things very easily, amusing himself, while Kernahan worked, by reading one of the letters that had fallen out of Trooper Kernahan's pocket.

"H'm," he said, critically. "H'm. Kerny, my bonny Scotchman, you're in for troublous times, I fear."

"What's up now?" asked the slaving Kernahan.

"This letter of Tarrant's. Your re-mount man is evidently striking for higher prices for the use of his nag. You shouldn't have praised old Peacock up last year. Told you it was not diplomatic. In these days, if you show your feelings, it's laying your cards on the table——"

"I don't see anything suggesting that in Tarrant's letter. Besides—look here, Carteret—Peacock's as good a bit o' blood as anyone has got in the Squadron, barring those who have their own nags—lucky devils."

"Seems to me you always believed that Peacock was more yours than Tarrant's. Cool, you know, Kerny, for a man who hires a nag at a dollar an afternoon."

"Well, I'll bet Peacock—he's got his bit o' spirit you know, too—would do more for me than he would for Tarrant. He's a knowing old customer is Peacock, and——"

"Yes; yes. But you give the show away so! (I tell you we're only a limited liability company after all. I supply the business brains. Don't smile!) Tarrant told me that you sort of call round, semi-accidentally, at the Mews every Sunday morning reg'lar as clock work. Well, let's connect cause and effect. There's this letter of Tarrant's. Very innocent, but just look between the scrawled lines, my whiskered owl."

Trooper Carteret smoothed back his hair, as one in deep thought. "In the words of the terrific Tarrant," he continued, "re your mounted drills this year, will you please come round to-night and see me. Yours obediently, etc.——."

"Nothin' very marvellous about *that*," said Trooper Kernahan, critically examining Carteret's stirrups, and submitting them to the waving-about-in-the-light test, to catch the glint thereon.

"Ho! Isn't there? He sees you've got an eye for Peacock. Sunday calls prove it. Bet you a bob, then, Kerny, that he'll want three half-crowns a time or somethin' like that. . . . That's what the pure enthusiasm of sporting youth has led you to. P'r'aps he's goin' to sell him, and——"

"Sell him?" Trooper Kernahan flung down the stirrups with a ringing clatter on the bench. "Pick up your property, Carteret, and come on boy! . . . Sell him, by gad, sell him!"

The repetition of those two words was all that Mr. Carteret could get out of his friend on their hurried way to the Mews, where was stabled "Peacock," the pride of Trooper Kernahan of the "King's Own."

II.

Together the two Yeomen banged on the stable gate for entrance.

An undersized boy admitted them and turned an inquiring wizened face upon them.

"Guv'nor about? Yus, sir! Three of our lot just come back from a country weddin'. Damn these 'ere weddin's, I say, wot keep men knockin' about the yard all night."

The child spat disgustedly. Mr. Carteret regarded him with a certain amount of pitying wonder. Trooper Kernahan promptly cuffed his head and gave him sixpence to soften the blow.

"Tell Mr. Tarrant that Mr. Kernahan has come to see him."

The child leered.

"Really want to see ole Tarrant?" he asked, aside, with a confiding wink.

"I ha' just been doin' Peacock. Looks a treat. Soon get ye a glim."

Trooper Carteret chocked back his emotion.

"You do what you're told, young man, and be quick about it!" he observed.

"Good Lord, these boys!" exclaimed Trooper Kernahan, smacking the side of his leggings angrily.

"You see!" said Carteret, with ill-disguised triumph, "a child can see through it. . . 'Looks a treat. Soon get ye a glim!'"

Trooper Kernahan nodded.

"Daresay it does seem idiotic to you, Carteret," he said, and relapsed into the "Billy Possum's Frolic," the musical Trooper Stephen's latest pianoforte solo rage.

A lily-of-the-valley-adorned and well-washed Tarrant greeted them from the doorway of his dwelling.

He bade them come inside and excuse the lack of luxury in his habitation.

A horrible fear at this unusual conduct on the part of Tarrant struck vaguely at the heart of Trooper Kernahan. In spite of the fact that Mr. Tarrant had but lately attended a wedding, the atmosphere that hung around him was nevertheless funereal.

Trooper Kernahan seated himself as one about to hear the will of a deceased relative who had left him his collection of old books on the condition that he did not attend the obsequies.

Only Trooper Carteret preserved a cheerful air.

Trooper Kernahan waited for the blow to fall.

It came with Tarrant's business-like "Well, gentlemen" that set Kernahan's nerves ajar.

Kernahan could find nothing to reply to this mild observation, except a grim "Go on."

Carteret whistled softly.

"It's about the 'oss," said Mr. Tarrant heavily.

"Peacock!" Kernahan interjected, with much impatience.

"Ah—er—Peacock. He means the horse you take to mounted drills sometimes," observed Trooper Carteret.

"The 'oss the gentleman takes to mounted drills *always*," said Mr. Tarrant, in a tone calculated to crush Trooper Carteret out of the discussion.

There was silence for a few seconds, during which time Trooper Kernahan fixed a miserable gaze upon the toe of his boot, Carteret went on with the trio of the "Billy Possum's Frolic" in a whispering whistle, and Mr. Tarrant regarded them both with a mournful air.

"The 'oss," he repeated, "that Mr. Kernahan takes to mounted drills *always*."

"And a darn' good 'un, too, Mr. Carteret," he added, "as your friend 'll tell you."

"Never struck me as a good performer over fences, and he's liable to get blown," said Trooper Carteret. "You don't mean to tell me you've had to weed him out since the hunting season?"

Mr. Tarrant purpled. Trooper Kernahan continued to leave the lead in his friend's hand.

"Well, it's hard luck, Mr. Tarrant. I daresay Kernahan would have liked to have had him for his Yeomanry work. But daresay you can find him another? If not, Kerny, I shall have to get my guv'nor to lend you that spare mount of curs."

"Thanks very much," said Trooper Kernahan. An acute observer might have said that the words were wrung out of him.

Mr. Tarrant's features relaxed.

"Ah, you will have your little joke like all the gentlemen," he said laughing. "No, I asked Mr. *Kernahan* round here, so as he could pick out something he might like for the Mounted Drill to-morrow instead of Peacock."

Trooper Kernahan kept his gaze fixed on his boot and did not flinch outwardly. Carteret had flashed a warning glance at him.

Thus, Mr. Tarrant looked upon two emotionless faces. Carteret mentally registered a miss.

"Instead of Peacock," Tarrant repeated, fearing that his audience had not heard aright.

"Well, what have you got?" asked Carteret innocently. He knew he had only to draw him skilfully and he would break cover ere long.

The exasperated Tarrant struck a match and applied it to the tobaccoless bowl of his pipe.

"I've—sold—Peacock," he said, playing his trump card, calmly.

"But he is still in his stable," said Carteret, dreamily. "Shall we say you've had an offer for him?"

Trooper Kernahan, his anguished face still hidden from the gaze of Tarrant, hung upon the reply.

"I've had an offer for him, then," said Mr. Tarrant, gruffly, "It's the same thing."

"Ah-h," Kernahan said, much relieved, and raising a pleased face to the general view.

"Indigestion better?" queried Carteret of his friend. "I always told you to avoid Camembert cheese and stout."

"Much better," said Trooper Kernahan, remembering himself.

"I've been offered thirty guineas for him," said Mr. Tarrant to Trooper Kernahan. "He ain't much use to me. There ain't the call for saddle-horses on hire like there used to be when gentlemen *was* gentlemen" (this with a malicious glance at Trooper Carteret). "He don't pay for his keep. I must part with him. I thought——"

"You thought Mr. Kernahan might give you more?" Carteret was in his element now, and he rapped out the sentence joyously.

"He can't be kept on odd dollars from Yeomanry gentlemen now and then," said Mr. Tarrant, "and a fiver down for the fortnight's camp!"

Trooper Carteret locked at Kernahan.

His lips formed "Twenty." It was practically the total amount standing to his credit at the bank.

"You say you've been *offered* thirty, Tarrant," said Carteret. "Well, Mr. Kernahan will *give* you twenty *down* in gold to-morrow morning."

"Ah, but I'm not up to any horse-dealer's tricks. Thirty guineas I've been offered, as this letter proves, sir . . . if you'll look at it. . . . Signed Captain Massey all complete. . . . There's no fudge about that. But I'm a business man, and I think the horse is worth more. My price is thirty-five, but I must sell for thirty to the Captain if I get no better offer. It's up to Mr. Kernahan now——"

"Well, let's have a good look at the horse," said Carteret.

"Mr. Kernahan's seen him enough times."

"But not with the possible purchaser's critical eye."

"Very well, sir—dang that boy. He's gone, I s'pose. I'll get you the light. Back in a minute."

Exit Mr. Tarrant, growling.

In a dead silence Kernahan stared straight before him.

"What's the use," he said at last, "what's the use? I haven't got thirty-five guineas."

"I can lend you five, and perhaps the other chaps ——"

"Good of you and good of them, but for one thing I doubt if they've got it. Another—well, it would take me years to pay the money back."

"It's hard luck," said Trooper Carteret. The observation did not help matters. It was just all he could say.

Kernahan heard Tarrant approaching, with the light, over the cobble stones.

"I won't bother you fellows to come to the stables," he said. "I'll just go down by myself. Won't take me a minute. . . ."

He shut the door of the house, and the lamp in one hand and the great key in another, Kernahan walked firmly across the cobble stones of the stable yard.

He opened the door of the loose box and called:

"Peacock, Peacock. Good old man."

He patted the well-groomed bay on the glossy neck.

Then, holding up the light, he shouted, in the Sergeant-Major's camp-drill voice:

"Ter—oop ——!"

The horse pricked up his ears.

Kernahan looked at him.

"Right wheel into line!" he concluded, but his voice broke on the last word. . . .

Two seconds later he had banged the stable door to and locked it.

"Well?" said Mr. Tarrant. "Thirty-five is it?"

"Not worth the money!" said Trooper Kernahan calmly. "Come along Carteret. No, not worth the money, Mr. Tarrant!"

Outside, beyond the stable-yard gates, Trooper Carteret smiled reassuringly at the tight-lipped Kernahan.

"Glad to see you were sensible over it," he observed.

"Sensible — sensible?" — Trooper Kernahan stopped and faced his friend at the gas-lit corner of the turn into a main street—"Can't you see that I . . . Oh, for God's sake, Carteret man, clear off—go away—flit—barge—gallop. . . . Anything you like only——"

"All right," said Trooper Carteret. "Good night, old man, good night."

DOGS v. THE HUMP.

There comes a time periodically in the life of every one of us when nothing seems to have any attraction for us, when our favourite pastimes pall, when somehow even our bosom pal manages to "get on our nerves," and—oh, sacrilege!—our one and only pet briar has lost its savour for the time being.

This is when we have contracted a severe attack of the hump.

In such a case we sit alone in our diggings, gazing gloomily at the fire or the pictures on the wall, or else trying in vain to take an interest in the daily paper—anything to keep our mind from wandering back again to that horribly insistent question, "What on earth is the use of anything?"

At last, perhaps, we snatch up a cap and stick and go out for a walk. But even then, we cannot work off our depression.

What we want now is—a dog.

In the words—slightly altered—of the old song, "He's the chap to make you jolly!" He'll frisk about in front of you, will constantly find something new for your entertainment—a hedgehog, a mole, or perhaps a sporting old rat. Or he will race you—race you until your breath comes in jerking gasps. But a feeling of joy in living will come back to you with a rush. You will feel "fit," and your "hump" will have disappeared.

DOCTOR: "I must forbid all brain work."

PATIENT: "May I not finish some articles I am doing for Lord Northcliffe's weeklies?"

DOCTOR: "Oh, certainly."

BAGGY TROUSERS.

It is safe to say that every reader of THE MODERN MAN takes a justifiable pride in his general appearance, and that in the same way that an even, clearly-defined crease in his trousers gives him pleasure, so do "baggy" knees fill him with varying degrees of melancholy.

Here is a tip with which, perhaps, many men are not acquainted. When you sit down, don't jerk up your trousers just above your knee and then cross your legs, happy in the thought that you have done everything in your power to keep the crease in shape. Pull up your trousers gently much higher up and sit, if possible, with your legs stretched out in front of you. You will find in this way that the creases will last much longer without re-pressing.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Every reader of this paper, provided that he is in full sympathy with the spirit of it, should join THE MODERN MAN League without delay. We would also urge our Members to do all in their power to bring in fresh recruits, provided always that they are men of the right kind.

It is only by securing a gigantic membership that we shall accomplish the purpose for which this League was established.

The objects of the League are by this time known to most of our readers. The League has been founded to encourage good-fellowship and good-sportsmanship wherever this paper is read—that is wherever the English language is spoken.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

We specially recommend the tie-pins, as they are particularly neat.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

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The League Badge. (Actual Size.)

FOR AND AGAINST MARATHON RACES

SOME OF THE ARGUMENTS ON EITHER SIDE.

During the last few years a taste has sprung up in a mild form among a certain section of the public, and has been carefully fostered by one or two of the more sensational newspapers, for what are known as Marathon races. These are, as most of us know, long-distance contests of over twenty-three miles in length.

Popular interest was aroused in such contests in the summer of 1908, when, in the Olympic Marathon from Windsor to the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush, Dorando, the Italian, fell when within a few yards of the winning-post, and being assisted past it by his friends, was disqualified in favour of the Irish-American, Hayes.

Since then there have been "Marathons" a-foot, soldiers' Marathons, waiters' Marathons, District Messenger boys' Marathons; in fact, it would not be surprising if we had a Boy Scouts' Marathon in the near future.

But the question naturally arises from all this whether Marathons are a really advisable form of athletics, and it will be interesting to deal, as far as is possible in a short article, with the pros and cons of such races.

MAKING THE NATIONAL PHYSIQUE.

First of all it may be urged in their favour that they tend to promote the national stamina. We would be the last to cry down any form of genuine athletics or sport, and we are willing to agree with such a contention, making, however, a very important reservation.

The national stamina would doubtless tend to be improved if everybody who entered for a Marathon race was physically fit to undergo such a strain. If everybody who was naturally sound in wind and limb were made to undergo a course of training to fit him for Marathon races, and had to pass a severe medical examination before taking part in them, then, without a doubt, the national physique would benefit enormously.

But are such conditions imposed? No. It is true that in some cases the competitors go before a doctor, but the examination is not half searching enough. The men's lungs may be sound enough naturally, and the beat of their hearts may be normal, but no doctor in the world could profess to be able to tell infallibly whether they had undergone a sufficient training for a race of more than twenty-three miles. Consequently numbers of men are passed who, in reality, are unfit, with the result that aid has to be given at intervals to stricken runners by the roadside, unutterably sad spectacles, pale, with staring and protruding eyeballs, gasping for their life's breath, and in many cases with hearts that will never again be what they once were.

MARATHON DANGERS.

The present writer was talking some little time ago with a well-known physical culture expert on this particular subject. That gentleman pointed out a very great danger which is in many cases ignored. So many men go in for Marathon races, and dismiss the intense feeling of discomfort they almost invariably experience from their minds, with the thought that "they are always all right the next day." But you can stretch a piece of elastic to its fullest extent over and over again, and it will retain its elasticity—for awhile. But in time it will begin to get more and more limp, and at last the "spring" will go altogether. It is the same with the human heart. You may strain it once, twice, perhaps twenty times, without mishap; but one day it will "go on strike," and you will be a weakling for ever.

From the standpoint of bodily health, then, it does not seem to admit of much question whether Marathon races are advisable. Now let us judge them from the point of view of popular interest.

First let us take the case of the open-air Marathon, which, up to the present, has been most commonly met with. It would need the most splendid enthusiasm to contend that such a spectacle provided any exhilaration to the spectator. He who stations himself at the starting-point, hears the report of the pistol, and sees the men start off at a slow trot, and finally disappear round a bend in the road. That is all. The man who comes across the runners half-way through the race sees one man, or perhaps two or three, half a mile or so ahead of the others. Then the rest come past with tottering legs and sides working like bellows. In a few minutes they are gone; and for the spectator the great, the intensely exciting Marathon race is over. Those who are present at the finish probably see one or two poor wretches stagger past the post and fall in a faint. It does not seem very alluring.

INDOOR MARATHONS.

A recent innovation is the Marathon run under cover, as, for instance, the race which took place at the Albert Hall between Dorando and Gardiner, of London, when the Englishman won easily.

The "covered Marathon" is an importation from the United States, where it is apparently very popular. It is difficult to see why this should be so, however; for such a race, contested on so exiguous a course, naturally resolves itself, after a time, into the spectacle of two or more men struggling round and round more times than one can possibly count. Besides which, too, the runners are subjected to a great risk of being "staked" at the turning-points on such tracks and sustaining serious injury.

No; look at it as you will, it does not appear as though the Marathon race had much to recommend it, and it seems safe to prophesy that within a very short time it will have returned to the obscurity from which it momentarily sprang.

GERALD C. EARLE.

TO SHAVE, OR TO BE SHAVED?

It is a question which is occupying the minds of more and more men every day. The conditions of business life—and the great majority of us are business men—are nowadays so strenuous that thousands of us have the utmost difficulty in finding time every morning for the all-important function in front of the magnifying glass.

Let us suppose that you have to be at your office at nine o'clock, and that you live half an hour's train-journey from it. This means that you must be on the platform at 8.30. Then, granting that you take three-quarters of an hour over your breakfast and the walk to the station, it means that you must get up at 7.30, even if you only devote a quarter of an hour to your toilet.

These considerations, more or less, throw you on the mercy of the garrulous barber whom you visit during the luncheon hour, and who, between the intervals of putting a greasy and oily-smelling thumb in your mouth, regales you with feeble small-talk. He is one of the many nuisances of modern business life.

THE SPORTSMAN'S SPRING PURCHASES.

THE ADVANTAGE OF LOOKING AHEAD.

It seems but a flash of time since we were saying something to the effect that there were "only seven more weeks to Christmas." Now we are saying, "Easter will be on us in no time."

But it is not often that we learn by these oft repeated references of the swift flight of the "Bird of Time" to take Time by the forelock and stand ready for him.

The particular point I would emphasise just now is that before we can say "Jack Robinson" the spring and summer will be on us, and we shall not be ready for them. When the whole world turns out into the open air for a three or four months' stretch there will be a tremendous rush for equipment.

The usual habit of waiting till we must buy this or that in order to use it forthwith is not a good habit. A man who buys a tennis racquet the day before he has to use it in a tournament is a fool. Similarly, the man who leaves the purchase of any of his sporting equipment so late that he has to use it or wear it in his actual sport before he has shaped it to his needs, found out its nature and peculiarities, and grown accustomed to its "feel," is running great risks of failure and disappointment.

We all know the horrible feeling that everybody is watching and sniggering at us as we walk out to the wicket in new flannels, new pads, new boots, new gloves, new cap, new tie, and a howling new shiny bat. It makes us shaky.

Moreover, we have to find out all about our new tackle under conditions that render it practically impossible to do ourselves justice. And the man who goes out to sport with brand new equipment and still makes a hash of things, always seems a greater ass than he who is not so conspicuous in his war-paint.

There is, however, a very easy way to avoid all the pitfalls barely suggested here. Let the sportsman begin early in the year to think out his needs and to find out where they can best be satisfied. This is an easy matter to-day, when there are so many excellent houses that supply all sorts of equipment—houses that do not object to possible customers having a good look round without being "pressed to purchase anything."

If the shops are too far, there is nothing like an up-to-date catalogue.

But on the subject of catalogues, a word or two of warning is necessary. Many firms are in the habit of issuing several catalogues within short periods, and it is usually stated on the latest that "all other catalogues are hereby cancelled," or words to that effect. So be careful to get the very latest.

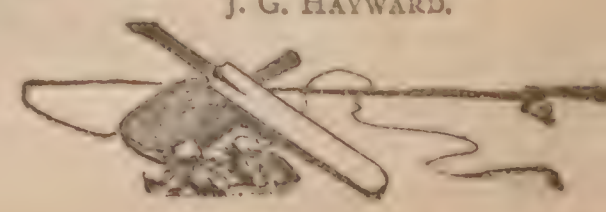
Having got it, go through it during an evening or two. Do not just turn up the one thing your mind is set on at the moment, but browse over it easily and leisurely, and you will derive endless enjoyment and not a few sensible hints and ideas.

And when you go finally to make your purchases, *take the catalogue with you.* It is perhaps the most annoying thing in the world to have something shown you that does not convince you that it is what you saw in the catalogue and what you really want and are prepared to pay for.

Even the largest and most reputable houses will, in the course of business, try to sell those goods on which they may make the highest profit, and it sometimes happens that two articles, apparently just the same in every way, may have cost the house two prices—a high and a low one. That which cost the low price is, naturally, priced (to the purchaser) about the same as the other, being apparently the same article, but the profit is greater.

Take the catalogue with you and insist on having those articles that you have there selected at your leisure. The "just as good article" *may* be "just as good," but if the merits of the two are equal, why, when both are in stock, should the shopkeeper try and foist one article more than another upon a purchaser?

J. G. HAYWARD.



WHERE MEN FORECATHER

XLIX.
THE DRILL HALL.

Of all the Government institutions, from War Office buildings to asylums (and there are those who aver that even these two extremes are not without their common factor), not one holds such a unique position as the Drill Hall.

It is a factory for turning out a peculiar class of goods. The public who pay for these goods are divided upon the rather momentous question as to whether they are worth the money. They cast no doubt upon the Post Office; they admit that the War Office has its uses and occasional glimmerings of sanity; they put up with the Houses of Parliament as necessary evils, and the various civil actions. Benches supply a fair amount of dry humour in return for their upkeep annually.

What is the Territorial Factory—the Drill Hall—doing? The man in the street, who seeks not to probe very deeply into the heart of things, would reply "Well—amusing itself!" This is the conclusion he would come to after carefully weighing up the question, seeing that no one could ever suggest that the Territorials are ornamental objects, and their utility has never been proved.

For all that, the factory goes on turning out these articles systematically, and with a certain enthusiasm which is good to behold, but like the gum on an envelope, one cannot tell their quality until the time for actual "sticking to it" is at hand. Seeing, then, the existence of this system, and enthusiasm in the factory, it is probable that in its own eyes the factory is doing far more than "amusing itself."

IN EARNEST.

And from the moment you cross the threshold of the Drill Hall this is apparent. You enter and breathe in an atmosphere that literally reeks of serious intention. If you are inclined to flippancy or levity as to the uses of His Majesty's Territorial Army, step outside at once lest beneath the ill-fitting khaki slop of the man against whom you indirectly point the shaft of your lumbering wit, may be concealed the "Gym" Instructor to the battalion.

His part in the factory is to put a little backbone into the "young British soldier." He is an expert in biceps, deltoids, flexors, and such like things bewildering to all but physical culture experts.

You may stroll round to his department of the great asphalted hall and, where the bridge-ladder, the vaulting-horse, and such-like appliances are, you may see the young stuff, stripped to its slender waist, showing itself off upon the bars and rings, with wondrous twistings and turnings and acrobatic jumps, invigorating to see.

MEN IN THE MAKING.

Here timid youth is skilfully egged on by the instructor, and, as confidence gradually comes, meteorically attempts the impossible, and retires rubbing the affected parts, amid expansive grins and certain indelicate but good-humoured jokes, peculiar to a certain age in man's life.

Very possibly in these winter months you may enter the hall at the sacred time of Morris Tube practice.

And you will find the Sergeant-Instructor wearing a very worried look. No individual in the hall of any ranking or description bears quite the responsibility that rests on the shoulders of this good man. Now a good Sergeant-Instructor must be like unto nothing other than a ministering angel—with a temper handy! It is, of course, no use bullying the timorous recruit who does not know the bore of a rifle from the butt, but a little military "back-talk" is quite likely to bring him to a full sense of his position.

Of this "back-talk" every Sergeant-Instructor must have a comprehensive vocabulary, to be *judiciously* used. Otherwise chaos results and the battalion quickly goes to pieces. "Spare the tongue and spoil the recruit" is the maxim of every Drill Hall of note in the country to-day. The Sergeant-Instructor knows well how to flick the "young gentlemen" on the raw. The result is smartness and, let us hope, efficiency, should there be the need for action.

When the experts are lying prone—and the distressed recruits are learning to aim with sand-bag rifle-rests beneath the eye of the tyrant Sergeant-Instructor—those who have the interests of the battalion at heart are gathered together watching and discussing things with their pipes or cigarettes blue-hazing the atmosphere, the smoke wreaths ascending to the lofty roof where the electric arc lamps shine.

THEIR COUNTRY'S CREDITORS.

This little group comprises the men who are likely to make the Territorial Army worth the public's expenditure. These are the men who devote their time gratuitously, and ofttimes their money, with no hope of reimbursement, all to the welfare and advantage of the battalion and the ultimate purposes of His Majesty's Territorial Army. Providence, which watches over our country's needs, sees to it that there shall be some few of his description in almost every unit.

I speak of those non-commissioned officers—young men you have met and mayhap know—who often "drop in" and take an interest in what is going on, although they are not down upon the week's duties list in the battalion orders.

A word of instruction or criticism, kindly meant, here and there from such good fellows as these is beneficial to the wavering recruit who is beginning to think seriously of saving up the requisite five pounds and (as he puts it) "chucking it."

Corporal —— can heal the wound made by the over-worked Sergeant-Instructor's sweeping remarks regarding the said recruit's ultimate end. The popular sergeant can soothe the sting of the brother recruit's observations. Thus the man of straw is put straight and made into a useful article as time goes on, and becomes worthy of counting "on the strength" of the regiment in more senses than one.

THE MEN WHO COUNT.

To such enthusiasts, manly and unselfish, as those of whom I have spoken, the thanks of the Government itself are more than due. They are totally oblivious of the scoffers. They know that, granted that the matter is taken seriously and afforded the support it deserves, the Territorials, even as at present constituted, can, under efficient field command, be converted into a "dependable fighting factor."

Lacking (alas!), in most cases, that necessary "efficient command" they still do all in their power to make good and useful men of such as are patriotic enough to join. In the hearts of such excellent men as these hope springs eternal indeed—the hope of better times for a deserving Government Institution which is to-day accorded naught but a lamentable paucity of support in its operations. It is a factory suffering from a famine in raw material.

In the composition of the group I have in my mind as I write, is that *rara avis* the officer who is of use indeed to the Territorial Forces, and who is worthy of his commission in every way. He has learnt to gauge exactly his position both on and off parade, and acts accordingly. Not having the despotic powers of an officer of the Regular Army, a great deal of tact and considerable personal skill is required of him.

THE POSSIBILITY.

In the Drill Hall you will see he is in his element, and knows how to infuse the right sort of enthusiasm into his subordinates. He discusses his plans with the "keen" men to material advantage, and before his eyes *always* is the Possibility, which has created his position in the general scheme of things—the possibility of invasion by a hostile Power. The secret of his success is that he counts it as a probability and, literally, trains his guns accordingly. If you get into the confidence of this man, whom you should deem it an honour to meet—in the Drill Hall—you may learn from him many instructive things anent our defensive powers.

You will leave him, knowing that did the young men of England adequately respond to this call for a Territorial Force in full being, you could, without the assurance of Mr. McKenna, "sleep safely in your beds."

PETER GILCHRIST.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

If you want to sell something—if you want to buy something—whatever your needs may be—The Readers Sale and Exchange Page is the means by which you will obtain satisfaction.

Have a glance at the advertisements on it this week.

A CHARTER FOR CYCLISTS.

ACTION BEING TAKEN AT LAST.

The cyclist, as a rule, is not a grumbler. He has learned philosophy in a hard but splendid school. He has learned to take the road as it comes, with its mud, its stones, its good stretches, its hidden thorns and nails, and its many delights. But against the railway companies he has a grievance.

His bicycle is regarded by the companies much as they regard dead bodies, high explosives, and other out-of-the-way kinds of luggage or baggage, for which a special, and, in the case of the "bicycle," an exorbitant fee is charged.

A few companies have had the enterprise to make special provision for the safe carriage of bicycles, but these attempts have been so half-hearted and so stupid on the whole that no permanent act of justice has been done to the cyclist.

Now, however, another Bill has been prepared, and is to be introduced into Parliament at the earliest possible moment, to ensure that railway companies shall afford reasonable facilities and proper accommodation, in passenger trains and boats, for the conveyance of bicycles.

It will also be made compulsory, should the cyclist so desire it, that the bicycle shall be carried in the same train or boat as that in which the owner is travelling.

Many a time a bicycle is two or three days going a short journey by train; arriving at its owner's house punctured and generally knocked about.

The Bill will also provide that the present scale of charges shall be considerably reduced.

In a large number of offices a petition is being signed by all cyclists in favour of the provisions of the Bill, and it is hoped to obtain at least a million signatures. With such a backing, Parliament would probably realise that the cyclists meant to be given fair play, and the Bill would have a good chance of becoming law.

Readers of THE MODERN MAN, whether regular cyclists or not, will doubtless sign these petitions should they come across them.

A BAD ONE TO BEAT

A HUNTING YARN.

"A bad one to beat"—that just summed up the man.

And it didn't only apply to the hunting field either, as his rivals found out to their cost. It was no good for Tom or Dick to try conclusions with him. They might wager what they liked, but Phil led the field in spite of them.

A shrewd observer once said that there was another factor to be reckoned with besides Phil. And that was the grey mare.

The man owed a lot to that gee, and she was a beauty, too, and one of the best leppers ever seen in the shires.

It was commonly said that Phil and the mare rode as the crow flies—straight.

But when Phil came to a stiffer bit of timber or a higher stone wall than ordinary, he always fulfilled the old command, "throw your heart over," and where a stout heart has gone, a man and a horse are bound to follow.

"It saves no end of trouble," he was wont to say, "if you take everything as it comes."

And that's why he was a bad one to beat.

It was a sight to warm the cockles of the heart of an old-time sportsman to see him lead the pick of the field. It put fresh courage into the nervous novice as he took off a gate or topped a bullfinch. A good one to follow was Phil.

A STRANGER IN THE LAND.

There came a new-comer into our county—a new-comer who brought the airs and graces of fashionable circles even into the hunting field, and who yet was no duffer on a horse and no novice, as anyone could see where timber was stiff and streams were broad.

Phil and the grey mare had a rival in this smooth-cheeked dandy on his elegant bay horse.

Old hunting men sneered at both horse and rider. "Too fine and finicky" they said, "for the hard going and the fast pace we set 'em here."

But Phil said nothing. It didn't trouble him what the new-comer aspired to—if he did aspire. Phil led and there was nothing for anyone else to do but follow. The stranger might be a good second, if he had the luck.

But Phil was hunting another quarry besides sly old Reynard in those days. And the new-comer was not long before he tumbled to this fact.

She was a white doe and no mistake, and there wasn't a man in the shire but felt the happier for a glance from her blue eyes or a smile from that laughing mouth of hers. But Phil was miles ahead as usual; he led, and he was a bad one to beat.

TWO MEN AND A MAID.

She was no Diana, though she used to come to the meet with her stately mother and sisters.

From the day he first discovered the truth of Phil's courtship, the new-comer laid his plans to frustrate him.

Possibly Phil knew the ways of the fox better than he did the mind of a maid, but anyhow the stranger seemed to be getting on faster than Phil had done. For one thing he had mamma on his side—a title, even if it has a doll's face to go with it, has a charm for a mother with several daughters on hand, and an income strictly limited.

And then he had what Phil hadn't. He was an adept in parlour tricks. He could sing a sentimental song in a sweet tenor voice, and make his eyes talk in a way that Phil's honest grey eyes knew nothing of.

And the worst of it was he wasn't a funker. If he'd only shown the white feather in the field, it would have equalised matters, but he didn't.

He might have a lady-like seat and hands, and a delicate Dresden china sort of a complexion, but for all that he was a plucky rider.

So Phil couldn't despise him as much as he wanted to.

On the ground by the side of him Phil looked big and awkward, and he certainly was at a disadvantage at these times, for jealousy does not give a pleasant expression to a man's face, and Phil when he scowled was downright repellant.

He was bluff, too, in a manner, and the other had the manners of one brought up "in hall among ladies."

"It's a neck-and-neck race," that was the general verdict, and wagers were pretty freely made.

The last meet of the season came, and Phil swore to his intimates that he'd settle the matter once for all.

That run will live in the memory of all who took part in it as long as they have memories.

A GREAT RUN.

The day was an ideal one, and the fox was well up to the game. He meant to give us plenty of sport, and he did it, too. And Phil never rode better than he did that day, while the mare did wonders.

She flew over her fences; she topped the stone walls like a bird; she swept over the fields as lightly as the southern wind which was blowing.

And the new-comer? He was there with his usual smile, spick and span, as if he were taking a ride in the Row, and not entered for a chase to the death!

From the covert side the blue eyes watched the throw-off, and, if feminine gossip was to be believed, they smiled impartially on both the suitors.

THE END OF THE STORY.

Nothing happened? Of course not. The new-comer did not come a cropper and have to be carried home to the cruel maiden on a gate, and thereby win her love by such an appeal to her pity.

Oh, dear no! Phil led the field as always on his grey mare. He was a bad one to beat.

And the other quarry? Did he get her?

When the hunting was over the new-comer went back to town.

Gossip said the blue eyes shed a few tears over his going. But the last time I saw them they were smiling through a bridal veil, and the man who put the little gold circlet on her finger was Phil.

You see, he was a bad one to beat.

C. V. WELBECK.

WHERE THE BRITISHER SCORES.

The Briton from time immemorial has fostered, and it is useless to deny that he still fosters, a rooted belief that he is the lord of creation, and that subjects of other rulers are of unutterably inferior breed, and hardly worthy to be called human.

Somehow most of us seem to have an idea when we see a foreigner that if we stuck a pin or any other sharp instrument into him he wouldn't bleed, or if he did that his vital fluid would be of a different and far more watery tint than our own. We are made of sterner stuff, and we know it.

As a general rule the Britisher's eye is clear, his teeth are white, his hands and his face are clean, and something about him suggests that if you took his collar or his scarf off his neck would be clean, too. But the foreigner is diametrically opposite. And just as in the matter of bodily cleanliness so in everything else—the Britisher scores.

MY LOCAL PAPER.

AN OLD AND VALUED FRIEND.

I look upon it as a tribute to the many attractions of my native village and county that I still, at a distance of over eighty miles and after a lapse of twelve years since my last long stay there, take an intense interest in all that is going on there and in the surrounding country.

Whether this interest would have survived a complete separation I do not know. I think it would. But it has undoubtedly been kept at its high pitch very largely through the services rendered by that much-despised little medium—the local paper.

We boast a local paper in the little country town four miles from my native village, and since I said good-bye to my early home and took into the city my country-bred physique and strength, I have never missed a single number.

By a late postman every Saturday night there is dropped into my letter-box a long wrappered packet. At either end of the wrapper I can see the big letters of the familiar old title, "The —— Gazette." (How fond they are of "gazettes" in the little country towns!) I know the sound of that packet falling on the floor of the hall as well as I know the footstep of my greatest chum or the bark of my dog. It has an easy-going, gossipy note as it is wedged through the letter-slit by the postman, and it plumps to the ground with a note that suggests that its travels are over, and that it will be well received by the man whose name is on its scanty wrapper.

The sight of the paper alone gives me infinite pleasure. It brings back so clearly the clean, vigorous life I have left behind in that sequestered corner of England, where the fields outnumber the houses by a thousand to one. I begin to feel the sweep of the wind over the hills I climbed so often, and to see the river-valley in flood once again, reminding me of the days when I risked life in sheer devilment and delight.

But this preliminary pleasure is as nothing to that which comes later, when, settled comfortably in bed, I open the old paper and live my old country life over again. Even the straggling advertisements of auctions, schools, farms to let, and horses for sale bring definite pictures to my mind of red-letter days at fairs and markets, and of a thousand different incidents that come crowding to memory laden with the fragrance of their first fresh interest and amusement.

At every season of the year the news, usually a week old when I get it, and sometimes older, never comes amiss. There are columns of insignificant facts gathered from the villages of half a county, and conveying nothing to outsiders, but presenting to me a complete picture of the doings of those who grew up with me, and in whose company I have spent some of the best and most rollicking hours of my life.

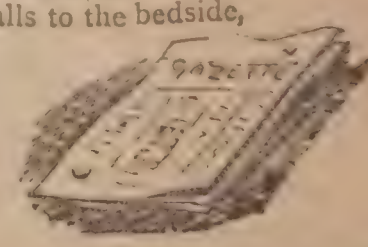
A local pride and patriotism glows from every line of the local paper, giving me many a thrill of longing to be back among them all. No subject is too small, no event too trivial to be chronicled in the "Gazette." Its appetite for odds and ends of news helps to give it its true local complexion, and to make the life it chronicles live again before me as I lie gradually growing sleepy under the influence of the quiet records of my own kith and kin as they move to and fro across the scene in that western countryside.

The clash of politics and the competition of nations find no reflection except at certain and infrequent periods in my local paper. To turn to its quiet chronicles of country life from the shouting columns of the daily papers of London is like passing from an ugly nightmare to the pleasantest and most refreshing sleep.

Flocks and herds, and healthy sport, and crops and markets and other purely local matters of business and pleasure suffice to fill out the broad eight pages of the "Gazette."

By the time I have turned the last page my eyes have begun to droop and my mind to wander, half dreaming, to old scenes. With an effort I switch out the light, the paper falls to the bedside, and I am soon fast asleep.

R. B. MARLEY.



TWO S

HEALTH.

LET ME LIFT YOU UP——

To Better Health, Greater Strength, and Train you for Sports.

It was the day before yesterday when Physical Culture meant only the making of abnormally strong men. To-day it has a practical meaning for—

Territorials, Tennis Players, Golfers, Cricketers, Hockey Players, Billiard Players, Riflemen, Cyclists, Footballers——

in fact, for everybody who indulges in any sport of any description, in any pursuit demanding a healthy body and a clear eye and mind. You may have felt the need for Physical Culture (to-day's meaning, please) even if you have not actually discovered that it is that which is necessary. Have you not found that the game you follow develops particular parts of the body to the detriment of other parts? Do you not find yourself unequal to the exercise involved in your favourite sport?

An investigation of my system of Physical Culture will show you that under my direction every limb and muscle in the body is brought to the proper standard of development. Of course, I pay attention to the demands of any particular pursuit, and am well qualified to do so from practical experience of many sports.

The Editor of every known magazine of Physical Culture will personally vouch for my ability as a Physical Culture Expert, and each one thoroughly recommends my system, and, what is more, their statements are endorsed by

30,000 PUPILS.

But you will see what help to you a normal course of Physical Culture would be if you read my booklet—"Health at Home," which will be sent post free.

WRITE
CAS

THOMAS INCH,

Do not ask for both Booklets. **No. 1 Booklet**

STEMS!

STRENGTH

TO THOSE READERS

Who are physically fit and enjoy good health, but to whom the word "strength" holds out charms, I would point out that practically all the world's records of weight-lifting are held, up to 11st 7lb., by pupils of my ADVANCED SYSTEM.

The following is a list of successes up to date:

J. Holliday, 8st. World's Champion Lifter.
J. Holliday, 8st. 7lb. World's Champion Lifter.
W. L. Carquest, 9st. World's Champion Lifter.
W. L. Carquest, 9st. 7lb. World's Champion Lifter.
E. Aston, Middle-Weight Champion of Britain.
Whilst I am the Ex-Middle-Weight Champion of the World.

At the Health and Strength Display, Agricultural Hall, last year, every weight-lifting competition there was won by one of my pupils, and it would require many copies of "Modern Man" to contain one-tenth of the extraordinary testimonials that I have received about this remarkable system, which

CANNOT FAIL.

A valuable Disc Bar-Ball is presented gratis with the course, and I will undertake **UNDER GUARANTEE** to improve your strength and physical development out of all knowledge.

To readers who know my standing in the Physical Culture world it will at once be apparent that I am not likely to make any statements which I cannot prove, or hold out any promise which I cannot fulfil.

It behoves every reader interested in strength to write at once for the new edition of my free book—

"A QUICK ROUTE TO STRENGTH"

(Gratis and post free).

DO IT NOW!

N EACH
TO

hysical Culture Expert,
Dept. M.M.,
BROADWAY, FULHAM, LONDON, S.W.

Health, etc. **No. 2 Booklet for Great Strength.**

THE FASCINATION OF STILES.

HAVE YOU EVER EXPERIENCED IT?

It is most probably the Old Adam—the taint of original sin—cropping up within me that makes it quite impossible to pass by a stile without climbing it, sitting astride it, and exploring the unknown country that lies beyond it. Whatever my business or pleasure upon the high-road, the sight of a stile at once destroys my sense of responsibility, and puts my high-road mission out of my head.

Though the road may have its attractions, as every road has, it is still a road along which the multitude passes. It becomes commonplace with much usage, it is conventional and proper.

But stiles, with the wandering footpaths leading away from them into all sorts of odd corners of the landscape, come as a refreshing novelty and change.

Even when cycling I frequently stop at stiles, leaning my bicycle against the hedge, and go off for a short tour of exploration. Then, returning, I laze an hour or two away, eating my sandwiches and apples, and spinning out my stop for yet another half-hour while the pipe burns pleasantly and I half doze in the sunshine.

Another reason for my pleasure in styles is that they break down the formality with which man regards man, and act as a sort of introduction to all who meet thereon or thereabouts. They offer an opportunity for a genial courtesy, in that two cannot as a rule climb the stile at once, and one must give way.

And who could take offence at being spoken to while climbing the stile? Surely only the surliest of curmudgeons! And the talk that ensues from such chance encounters is quiet, easy, unshowy talk, of things that interest the countryman. It is not hurried through as if each talker were at one end of a telephone.

The stile induces an amiable mood of friendliness with all mankind and contentment with one's own lot, and innumerable names and initials carved upon its shiny top bar and its lichen-covered side-posts are eloquent of its power to attract all and sundry to its reposeful scenes.

Looking over the stile into the unknown lands beyond, he is a dull, unimaginative clod who is not moved to explore. Jumping leisurely down on the field-ward side, you see at once a new land. The country is laid out differently on this side of the hedge, and no sooner have you taken in the fresh features of the landscape than you catch sight of another stile with its silent invitation from the distant hedge.

And away you go, drawn by irresistible curiosity to see what lies beyond. And so from hedge to hedge you ramble on, at each stile seeing a new panorama of country.

On and on you ramble, taking the little worn footpaths up and down the contours of the land, until on leaping yet one more stile, you find yourself out upon a road again.

It is no high-road, no turnpike of macadam, but, happily, a winding lane that is little more than a track. The hedges in places are trying to meet from opposite sides, the grass is sprouting even in the middle of the way, and deep ruts are cut in the sandy soil by the infrequent carts.

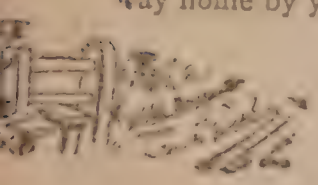
The track must lead somewhere, and as you are too far from home to return for tea, you peer about to catch a glimpse of some cottage roof and the welcome curl of a wood fire where you hope to get tea and household bread-and-butter.

There is hardly a cottage in England where a decent stranger, civilly spoken, asks in vain for a cup of tea about five o'clock in the afternoon. The goodwife is always ready to oblige a stranger and to add a sixpence to the little collection of coins in the jar at the top of the solid old cupboard.

And while you refresh yourself with a hot cup, you draw infinitely entertaining gossip from the dame about herself, her husband, their boys and girls, and a hundred other simple topics.

And then in the growing dusk you find your way home by yet another track.

C. EASTON-GREY.



MY NOTEBOOK.

MEN AND CHILDREN.

The question has recently been presented to my notice as to whether children are, on the whole, liked by men. It happened this way.

I spent my last week-end with some friends who have a family of three. One is a baby in arms, and doesn't count, but the other two count very much; they are a boy of six and a tiny girl of two, with the most mischievous eyes you ever came across.

I knew they were there, so I made due preparations for securing their goodwill. For the boy I bought a box of chocolates, and for the little girl a bottle of barley-sugar, as her mother happens to have strong views on the type of sweets that children ought to eat.

There is nothing like a present for putting you in the good books of youngsters, and immediately on my arrival I handed over the spoils. The boy and I are old pals, and while his father and mother were telling me all their news and getting mine, I noticed that he had produced from a cupboard a very ingenious toy motor-car, which he was waiting for an opportunity to exhibit for my admiration.

The little girl was shy, for it was a year since I had seen her, and at that age I could not expect her to remember me. I made no further overtures of friendship, but awaited developments. Presently, as I sat on the sofa of my friend's drawing-room, discussing politics with him and home affairs with his wife, the little girl clambered upon my knee, arranged herself comfortably, and offered me a piece of barley-sugar which she had been sucking. I accepted it gallantly, and dropped it in the fire when she was not looking. From that moment she and I were fast friends.

TELLING STORIES.

I spent part of the evening in an arm-chair by the fireside, for I was tired after the long journey from London. The boy wanted me to tell him stories, and, to prove that escape was impossible, he seated himself on one of the arms of my chair.

I suggested that he should sit on my knee, but he informed me that he was a man, and that a man would never do that.

I told him some of the old legends of the place where he lives and where I once lived myself; I told him of fairies and warriors and hard-fought fights, and he listened with the keenest interest, putting in a question or a comment here and there at points where the people I was telling him about had done something which he did not think he would have done under the same circumstances.

SEEING TO MY ROOM.

Presently the nurse arrived to take the children off to bed. The little girl honoured me with a very sticky kiss, but the little boy merely shook hands, informing me that men did not kiss one another, and repeating the assertion that he was a man.

"You'll be all right," he said; "*we've* seen to your room."

Unquestionably they had. When I took my socks off that night I was surprised to find that there was something uniting the sole of my naked foot to the bedroom carpet. I wrenched my foot free, and found a piece of moist barley-sugar sticking to it—proof conclusive that "we" had certainly seen to my room.

In the morning these two youngsters again attached themselves to me, and their mother warned them, under threat of dire pains and penalties, not to make themselves a nuisance. But I assured her—and truthfully—that I liked them, and she and I got to discussing men and children generally.

"It isn't every young man who cares about children," she said. "These two have an uncle just about your own age, who can't stand them at any price. In fact, he dislikes all children."

I happen to have met that uncle. He is a very decent chap, who concentrates his energies rather on business than sport, but I should call him a thorough sportsman at heart all the same. I was rather surprised to learn that he did not like youngsters, till I recalled the fact that several of my best friends are similarly prejudiced.

I believe I know why.

MASCULINE PREJUDICE.

The little boy I told you of, disliked sitting on my knee or letting me kiss him good-night, because he thought that his pretensions to being considered a man would be in grave danger if he did such things. I believe the men who affect to dislike children do so for a similar reason; they consider it a woman's job to have anything to do with youngsters.

I am convinced they are wrong.

To a man who is fighting his way in the world of business, the study of a child's simple honesty and sincerity comes as a mental and moral tonic; it contrasts so strongly with the commercial intrigue, self-seeking, and "diplomacy," which he is accustomed to see on every hand, that he begins to learn that there are things worth while other than the making of money.

SPOILT BRATS.

I have been in houses where the children were spoilt, and my fingers have itched to cuff them when they pulled my hair, made pencil marks on my collar, and did other things that they should have been broken of when they were younger.

One does not always care to protest, for fear of hurting the feelings of the parents, and I can very well understand that a man whose experience of children is confined to juvenile hooligans of this type may very well grow to dislike all children; but a youngster who has been taught to behave itself *reasonably* well is a very different being, and one well worthy of your consideration.

FRIENDS.

In a letter which lies before me a Bradford reader says: "You have recently printed various articles and stories dealing with masculine friendship. I thank you very much for them, for they have helped me to understand that my own case is not an exceptional one. I used to think that enduring friendship might be possible between two men, but I have always found that my own friendships have, for some reason or another, fallen through, and I was beginning to think that the fault was mine. I am glad to learn that others have had a similar experience."

AN OPINION.

I am afraid that I am not yet sufficiently old to make any pretensions as a philosopher, and it is quite possible that the opinions I am about to express may alter in the course of time, for one's conclusions regarding life are naturally based upon one's own experience.

As far as I am concerned, however, friendship means a great deal. Some of my friends have described me as brutal, and others have said that I am intensely sympathetic. Which are right I do not pretend to know, but I do know that what I have learned of life has largely been due to different friendships that I have made. I do not think, however, that I have ever suffered the disappointments to which my contributor refers, for I have never taxed friendship too far.

I think it is Kipling who says that "the race is run by one and one, but never by two and two."

I have known men who have lost friends through asking them for assistance in business, and I think that such requests are very unfair tests of friendship, for a man has a duty to his relatives and to his family that must necessarily come in front of his considerations of friendship.

To my correspondent, and to any others who may feel as he does, I would say that friendship should be enjoyed warmly, but that it is unwise to ask too much of any friend. Each man has to fight his own battles.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING ENTERPRISING.

AND THE ADVANTAGES OF "ALL-ROUND" INTERESTS.

There is a danger that what is understood by the phrase "an all-round sportsman" may grow scarcer with the years.

There are, happily, crowds of "all-round" sportsmen who are weekly readers of THE MODERN MAN, men who would never dream of giving up one particle of their allegiance to all sport. They are men who can only keep alive by means of the vitalising and stirring experiences to be gained by constant "change of programme," as the music-halls put it.

Nevertheless, there is this danger to-day that men, though they be splendid sportsmen in theory, in qualities of heart and mind and character are losing that "all-round" quality which gives them so much of their attraction and gives to their lives its essential quality of enterprise.

The reason for this danger is not far to seek. Few of us have much leisure. Without leisure we cannot do much in the way of breaking new ground, unless we run the risk of losing the ground we have already covered.

Thus the man who spends his spare time riding, will naturally hesitate to halve his weekly riding time and go in for running, hurdle-jumping, or any other of the team games. He will argue that he is a passable rider, but may become a mediocre runner and a slovenly horseman if he tries to do both.

Again, the man who snatches up his ash stick and puts on a cap and a Norfolk suit and starts for the open road when his work is done, may say that he has always walked, that he finds all the pleasure he wants in walking, and that he has no idea as to how to set about joining the athletic club.

The merest chance may have made him take to walking as his chief pleasure—an open afternoon, or a chance acquaintance who was able to infuse some of his own enthusiasm into another; or even a lack of initiative on his own part; or, again, a certain reticence about going amongst others who were expert at something else while he would be a beginner. What proof has he that, had chance, the toss of a coin, or what not, led him into a different path of sport, he would not have excelled?

A very interesting and enlightening chapter might be written on the trifles and accidents that made one man a great cricketer and another a crack rifle shot; one a keen rider, and another a sculling champion.

The fact is we choose our sports, or rather we take them up, haphazard, and are rather given to wrapping ourselves up in the sport we happen to have fallen into, rather than tasting the varied joys of many sports, and so broadening our ideas of the sporting life and the life of the sportsman.

Some men seem to be rather proud of being able to say: "Oh, I never went in for that. I find there's nothing like so-and-so," naming the one sport of which he has any knowledge.

One sport, like one sort of work, continually followed, tends not perhaps to narrow a man's sporting interest, but at least to prevent him from entering to his fullest extent into the rare and splendid heritage of the "all-round" sportsman.

And so I should urge every athletic man to tempt his sporting palate with every dish that comes his way, and not even to wait for fresh opportunities to come along, but rather to go out of his way to make them for himself.

He will find as a player unexpected experiences that he never dreamed of as a spectator or as one who had taken no thought of other sports besides his own special bent.

And he will run no risk of his sporting sympathies narrowing in, to the exclusion of those sympathies which tend both to make him a good fellow in the estimation of others and to show him the attractions that exist in those sportsmen whose energies lie in opposite directions to his own.

PHILIP H. WALTER.

GOIN' HUNTIN'.

Johnny came from London Town with a coat of pink. He knew as much about horses and hunting as a cat does about roller-skating, but he was not worrying very much as to being left by the field.

He had really come out with the hunt in order that he might be photographed, and when this truthful narrative opens we find him seated on his horse beside a hedge, with the photographer busy trying to make a picture of him.

Presently there entered a farmer.

"Have you seen a bull?" he asked.

"No, my man," said Johnny. "Please don't interrupt me; I'm busy."

"I am very sorry, sir," said the farmer. "I didn't mean to trouble you, but my bull broke loose this morning, and if you happen to come across him, I wish you would keep on that red coat and ride straight for my farm over yonder."

And then Johnny, who had been waiting for an opening, saw one in the fence and took it.

A MISS-FIRE.

"I cannot get these trouser-presses to sell at 12s. 6d. each," remarked the manufacturer, "and I want money."

"You can easily get that," replied the experienced friend. "Send seven of them to each of twenty outfitters, and invoice them as six. When they see the mistake on the invoice they will jump at the chance of getting seven presses for the price of half a dozen."

Three days later they met again, and the manufacturer regarded the other with a stony stare.

"What's up?" asked the friend of experience. "Didn't the wheeze work?"

"It didn't," replied the manufacturer, emphatically. "Each of the outfitters returned the six presses I had invoiced and kept the other one, and I have no chance of recovering my lost property."

A GHASTLY REVELATION.

The bride-that-was-to-be came to her mother in terrible woe.

"I fear," she said, "that all is over between us."

"I am not surprised," said her mother, who had been practising antipathy to her future son-in-law in order that she might play her part in the traditional manner after the wedding took place. "I always thought he was a brute, but remember, dear Arabella, that you cannot afford to be too particular. You are not what one would call a subject for a picture postcard. But what is the cause of the trouble?"

"It is all owing to a horrible discovery," she sobbed, and she threw herself into a chair, like the heroine of a serial story.

"Something about his fearful past? I told you so," remarked her mother.

"No," said Arabella. "It is not that exactly. To-night we were turning over a box of old photographs, and he discovered one that you had taken of me at the age of four, seated in a basin, for a baby's food advertisement."

GIVING UP SMOKING.

SOME USEFUL TIPS.

Perhaps one of the saddest things that can happen to a man is to be told one day by a doctor that he will have to give up smoking.

Nobody who has never bowed in allegiance to my Lady Nicotine can thoroughly imagine the tremendous pull that a man has to exert upon himself to obey such an order. But it fills one with a certain amount of pride in one's sex to think that this "pull" is in many hundreds of cases exerted with success.

"You must give up tobacco." The grim words fall upon the unfortunate fellow's ears like a knell; but he nods, a short, brave nod, and goes away.

When he gets back to his rooms, a cheery fire awaits him, but something within him seems to rise up suddenly, and fill him entirely with the sickness of despair when he sees, on the mantelpiece, his dear old 'baccy-pot, and, strewn about in picturesque confusion, an array of briars, clays, calabashes, and cherrywoods with which he little dreamed he would have to part company when last he left them.

The black and charred but shining bowls seem to be saying a mute "Good-bye" that hits him hard.

But he picks them up with a gentle hand—and puts them away.

Gradually he begins to grow hungry, and dinner is not yet ready. A cigarette or a pipe is precisely the thing he wants, and he is a man of powerful will if he can resist the temptation.

To the ordinary individual a more certain and less painful plan is for him to break off gradually.

The daily packet of cigarettes may be reduced to half, and the daily pouchful of tobacco should be carefully weighed out in gradually decreasing quantities.

By reducing the amount of tobacco each day, he can break himself of the habit without much trouble.

It is wise to keep in the pocket during the period of breaking-off a bag of raisins or sweets, which may be nibbled when the craving for tobacco becomes strong.

It is also wise to keep yourself from feeling hungry by taking an occasional glass of milk between meals, for it is when you are hungry that you want to smoke.

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DOG & PUPPY CAKES,
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are composed of the purest ingredients only. Owing to the antiseptic properties of the foods of which they are compounded, they aid digestion, keep dogs' skins and coats in good condition, eradicating internal worms and parasites, and preventing unpleasant odours.

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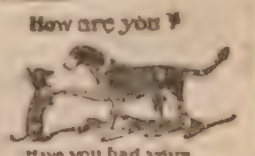


Have you had your MOLASSINE DOG CAKE?

KEEP ALL DOGS HEALTHY

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

THANKS!

I should like to take the opportunity of thanking those of my readers who have written to me or sent me their photographs since I have been conducting this page.

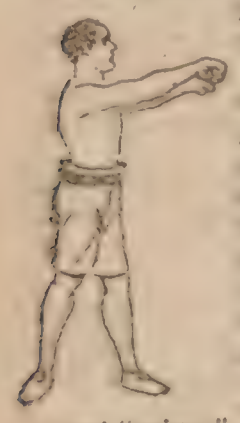
Where an address was given I have endeavoured to reply either by letter through the Editor, or by means of the "Brief Replies" column, or on this page.

To those few readers, however, who have preferred to remain anonymous, I beg to tender my most sincere thanks, in some cases for photographs, and in many for the encouragement they have given me in the conducting of this page in THE MODERN MAN each week.

FOR THE MUSCLES OF THE WAIST AND HIPS.

This exercise may be done with or without a walking-stick or rod in the hands, but if one is not used the hands must be kept the same distance apart throughout the exercise.

Stand erect with the feet separated and the hands in front of the thighs with the knuckles to the front.



A good "twister."

Swing the arms sharply up to the left until they are horizontal. At the same time twist the body round from the waist until the shoulders are square to the left, the legs moving as little as possible from their original position, and the feet remaining motionless, both heels on the ground.

Now swing the arms and body completely round until you are facing in the opposite direction, with the arms extended horizontally to the right.

The arms must be brought round with a steady but rapid sweep, being lowered so as only just to clear the front of the body. The head and shoulders must be turned completely round towards the side on which the arms are extended.

The fists should be lightly clenched and kept an even distance apart, as though you were holding a rod.

The waist and hips and the shoulder muscles will be most developed by this exercise.

FITNESS—NOT BULK.

Many men go in for physical culture under a mistaken impression that they will speedily increase all the measurements of their bodies, and will develop abnormally large muscles which will be the envy of all beholders.

This can, of course, be done by systematic work, but it takes more time than most men can devote to it when once they have left school and entered upon the business of life.

But development in point of size is not the sole object of physical culture. It is a mistake to suppose that because it is impossible to devote to it sufficient time and energy to become a phenomenally strong man, it is not worth while giving up what little time can be spared morning and evening.

This can at least give fitness and health; and, moreover, it will give strength, for it will make the muscles you have of some practical use, and keep them fit and hard.

Further, one of the greatest benefits of physical exercise to the system is in promoting the circulation of the blood, and thus giving every organ a chance to perform its proper function.

ANOTHER BALANCING TRICK.

The paraphernalia required for this trick or exercise, for it is as much the latter as the former, is simply a good strong Gladstone bag or a suit case, or even a hassock set up on edge.

If whatever you use for the purpose is hard and likely to be uncomfortable, place a small cushion or folded cloth on the top, but see that this does not offer too broad a support for your back, or you will have the trick practically done for you.

Lie across the bag so that the top of it comes in the small of your back, and endeavour to balance yourself as shown in the sketch, stiffening your body and extending your arms.

More difficult than you think.

Shift your position on the bag until you finally find the right place; having once found that there is little difficulty in maintaining your balance, except in so far as keeping the legs stiff is concerned.

This will prove an excellent developer for the thigh muscles, and in a less degree for the whole body.

The trick looks at first sight very easy, but it is quite on the cards that your head will come into contact with the floor with unpleasant force, so a soft carpet or a cushion is a very desirable thing.

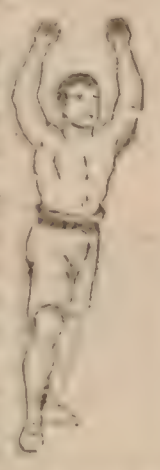
A SIMPLE ARM AND LEG EXERCISE.

Stand erect with the arms extended horizontally at the sides, with the backs of the hands uppermost. The heels should be together, the body drawn up to its full height, head erect, and muscles tensed.

Now bring the arms up to the position illustrated, noticing the position of the hands. At the same time advance the right foot about eighteen inches.

Next, with all the smartness of which you are capable, return to the former position, bringing the right leg sharply back to the left, and the arms downwards until they are in the same straight line again.

Repeat the process, with the only difference that the left leg is advanced as the arms go up, and continue these movements alternately about half a dozen times each.



A fine stretcher.

If you possess one, use an elastic or spring developer in connection with this exercise.

COMPETENT MEN

are always in demand, and we always have a large number of positions open for men possessed of Special Ability—Technical or otherwise. If you are possessed of such ability, and have a character which is proven or provable, write us to-day or call.

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BRITAIN'S STRONGEST MAN.

SOME COMMENTS ON THE CHALLENGE MADE BY THOMAS INCH.

Most readers of this page will be acquainted with the name of Thomas Inch as one of the leading exponents of physical culture. He has built up a very large business in this line, and I believe he is at the present time a man of considerable wealth. Three years ago he won the middle-weight championship as a weight-lifter, and that title he has held ever since. He has now issued a challenge to all British-born athletes to prove that he is the strongest man in Britain, and one can scarcely refrain from admiring his pluck in doing so, whatever one's opinion may be as to his judgment.

If Inch wins the forthcoming contest, he will doubtless profit by many thousands of pounds. He stipulates that the match shall be for £100 a-side, and that in the event of a tournament each competitor shall put up £50, all the money to go to the winner.

In the event of Inch winning the heavy-weight championship, however, his profit will be very much larger than the purse won, for pupils will flock to him. So far so good, but what if he loses?

Doubtless the possibility of losing has presented itself to the consideration of Inch, and that is what makes one admire his pluck in issuing this challenge, for defeat would be a very serious matter to him from a business point of view.

That Inch has been most useful to the community as an exponent of scientific physical culture, is a fact to which any of his pupils will testify. He was not naturally strong, and it was only by sheer hard work on the right lines that he developed his remarkable muscles. The system that he practised is the system that he expounds, and he has covered with muscle not only those who are naturally disposed to good physical development, but also those who might be called weaklings. He has attained this result by describing to his students precisely the methods by which he himself secured his remarkable physique.

For doing all these things he must receive due credit. As a teacher of physical culture he has won for himself a supreme position. But is he supreme as an athlete?

It must be remembered that it is three years since Inch won the middle-weight championship, and in three years time many changes may take place in a man's physique.

Perhaps his most dangerous adversary will prove to be Alec Munro, the Scotsman. Munro is a very fine all-round athlete, and, as he has recently been specialising in weight-lifting, it would seem that his chances would be very good against Inch if he decides to enter the arena. Another possible Scotch competitor is Cameron.

There are also two Irish athletes who might very well prevent Inch from carrying off the coveted title of heavy-weight champion of Britain. They are FitzGibbon and O'Kelly. Both have recently been practising weight-lifting, and both have attained considerable fame in the wrestling world.

Staff-Sergeant Moss, who, like Inch, is well known as an exponent of physical culture, is another very dangerous antagonist, for he is reputed to be the strongest man that the British Army has produced during the past few years.

There are also several music-hall artists who might very possibly beat Inch. One of them is Launceston Elliot, who has already won many distinctions in the athletic world.

These are but a few of the possible claimants to the proud title of Britain's strongest man, but there may be many others, and it is possible that some unknown athlete may come forward and win hands down.

Whether Inch has been judicious in issuing his challenge is a matter of opinion, but one cannot fail to admire his pluck in doing so, and to wish him success; but in this matter, as in all others connected with athletics, the desire of every sportsman is that the best man shall win, whoever he may be.

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M.M.

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(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title.)
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(Please write distinctly.)
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THE TURKISH BATH MAN TALKS.

2.—Condition—What It Means.

My little talk last week did some good. I made some people believe what I said. Those people will make other people believe. As my Gem Bath becomes better known, it will be easier for me to induce people to try it. That is what I want.

"You want my money," Mr. Prejudice says. Of course I do. We all want each other's money. There is no harm in that. The harm comes in getting money without giving good value. I claim that my Bath is worth the money you are asked to pay for it. I am in business, and if I give you value, I am not ashamed to take your money. If you say it is not worth what you gave after a seven days' trial, send the Gem Bath back, and I will return your money.

Now, I am going to talk about condition this week. When a boxer goes in for a battle, he trains—he must get fit. He has been living luxuriously, he is a little too fat, he isn't quite so well, his wind is not good, his muscles are soft, and so on.

What does he do to get fit? Simply, he lives sanely, on sound food and works regularly in the open air. He runs, skips, jumps, exercises for hours. And he gets thin and hard, his breathing gets better, his muscles receive tone, his eyes grow bright.

Why? There is an answer, of course. It is another fact—running, skipping, jumping make him perspire. When he perspires, every tiny pore opens and exudes an infinitesimal impurity. These minute impurities in the blood have been the cause of lack of fitness. As he perspires them out of his system, he gets fitter, better to look at, abler to do his work. It is very simple if you would only realise.

We do not all box, but we all want to be fit. Many of us work in factories, offices, shops. We have not the leisure for running and skipping to make the skin perspire and the body to free itself from the poisons which make for Influenza, Rheumatism, Coughs, Colds, Shortness of Breath, Palpitation, Poor Digestion. If we had the time and did the work—we should be well. Everyone knows that. I am cooped up in an office. I am at the City every day. I have not the time to take long walks, or go running in country lanes. I am in the crowded streets, or in offices or railway carriages. But I keep well—free from cold, influenza, rheumatism, or any other "ism."

And there is a reason. Once a week I use my Gem Turkish Bath—the thing I want to sell you. It is a portable Turkish Bath which I can fix and set going in my bedroom, a minute before I want it. I stop in until I am dripping with perspiration. I sweat out of my body all the impurities I have got from my unhealthy life in the City during the week. I have a pleasant week-end to rest the mind, and I am ready, bright-eyed, fresh, free from nervous tremor or muscular pain for another big week. My bath does for me what exercise does for the boxer—it keeps me fit.

Why are you not fit—men or women? Why do you spend your money on tonics to screw up your nerves? Why do you want strychnine to make your flabby heart virile? Why do you get stouter and less inclined for work? Why do you take chemicals to counteract the acids that make rheumatism, or gout? Why—but I could go on for ever.

Just you take a friend's advice—for I'm a friend though I do want you to buy something—if you cannot take exercise best substitute a Turkish bath. In that case you will take the next convenient and the cheapest form of Turkish bath by using my Turkish Bath Cabinet.

"Cloven hoof!" "That is where our disinterested friend comes in." There are so many bumbugs that human nature in self protection has to be suspicious. Do not mind me in this matter. I am open to doubt because I am making assertions without proof to you who do not know me.

I wish I had *you*, Mr. Doubter, here now. I'd make you a Turkish Bather in my Turkish Bath Cabinet, by sheer force of necessity and the record of facts. I'd turn you over to my customers—men and women whose money I have had—men and women who were ailing and are well—men and women who know.

This is how I deal with the man who doubts. My bath costs 30s. Put me through an inquiry agent and see if my credit is good for 30s. Then buy my bath. Try it for seven days. Follow the book, keep the rules, do as you are told. Then if you can conscientiously say that my Turkish Bath is not the best health-giver you have ever met or used, if you cannot feel that it is making you fit, if you are not sure it is doing a great deal of good for you, send it back. I won't ask questions, grumble, or raise red herrings in the path. The next post after I receive the bath back will carry the money you sent on it addressed to you. I want to make it easy for you to believe me.

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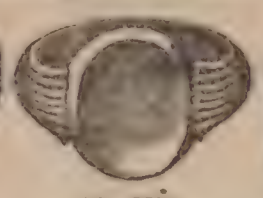

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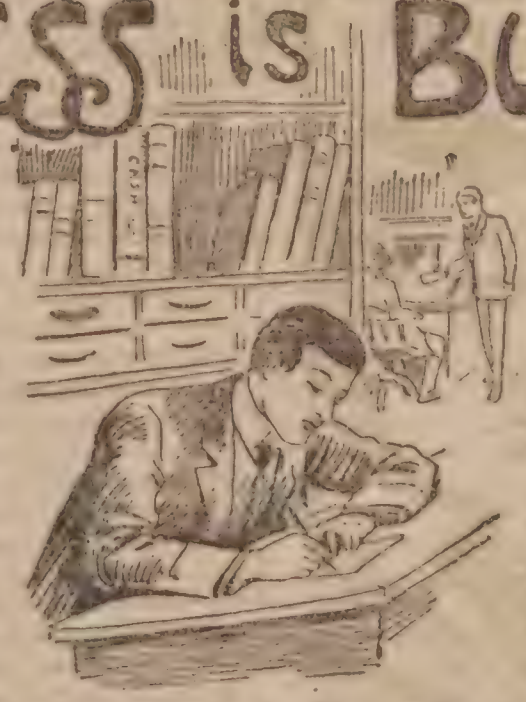

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

BUSINESS WOMEN.

The power of women in all branches of masculine life is incalculable. At present a section of women are demanding suffrage; but, if they only knew it, they already possess almost as much political power as do men, for women, though they cannot vote, can influence votes. In many instances it is the same in business.

I have yet to meet the business man who did not have a woman somewhere behind him. Usually he is working for a woman, and sometimes his success is due to the advice of a woman.

For a man to say that women are useless in business, is for him to prove his inexperience.

By the term "business women" many understand typists, and it is true that many typists are absolute fools. They are girls whose parents are well enough off to keep them in sufficient comfort, and they take up a business career merely to fill up their leisure, and to earn sufficient to dress themselves. They do not have to pay for their board and lodging, and are enabled to keep in their own pockets all the money paid to them by their employers.

You can get a girl of this type for 15s. a week, or even for less. Woe betide you if you are foolish enough to employ such a one. These girls are lamentably incompetent, for, knowing that they have a good home to fall back upon, they do not worry very much about making themselves sufficiently proficient to hold their posts. The man whose experience embraces only such women as these naturally comes to the conclusion that women in business are valueless, but he is judging inaccurately.

Whether it is that women have less to interest them after work than men have, or whether it is that they are keener on proving themselves worth the money they get, the fact remains that the average girl who is genuinely earning her living and who is dependent upon her job is unbeatable.

There has been a great cry about women ousting men from positions by undercutting them in the matter of salary, but in many cases the reason why male employees have been replaced by women is that the women have been found more competent.

There are many traits in a woman's character that come in useful to a business man. One is her power of observing and remembering. A question may arise as to what you said to a certain visitor, and you may have completely forgotten the interview, but, if you have a lady secretary, she will remember not only what he said and what you said, but she will also be able to give you a rough description of his appearance and thereby enable you to recollect his visit.

In the home a woman will take infinite trouble over the nursing of a baby and will see to its comfort no matter how tired she herself may be. In the office it is much the same, provided you treat her reasonably; she will see to your business even after you yourself have knocked off work, and instructions given to her will be executed without grumbling or delay.

These facts may be regrettable, for it would doubtless be better for the country that remunerative posts should be occupied solely by men, so that we might have a possibility of more marriages, but so long as masculine and feminine human nature remains as it is, so long will women be invaluable in certain spheres of business, and the man who is running a business will be wise to avail himself of their services. R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

CALL OPTIONS.

A number of correspondents have asked my opinion as to dealing in call options. This method of dealing in stocks and shares is undoubtedly a good one, and I shall endeavour here to explain the working of it.

The reader of these notes, after making his survey of the markets, or possibly getting advice upon this particular matter, comes to the conclusion that it is quite likely that the shares of the Canadian Pacific Railway are going to have a sharp rise within the month. He wants to know exactly the amount of money he is speculating upon this operation, and he does not wish to be troubled with fortnightly accounts and carry-over charges. He does not think it worth while to buy a number of the shares outright.

Hence he resolves upon buying an option. He finds, by consulting a list of option prices, or getting a price, that he can obtain the right to buy ten Canadian Pacific shares at the price of that day (which price we shall imagine is 190) at any time within the month for 5dol. per share, or £5 per five shares.

The position in which he finds himself is now clear. He lays out, say, £10, and for that he has a right to buy any time within the month ten Canadas at 190. What does he then do? Obviously he waits upon the course of prices.

If he has been rightly informed with regard to a probable rise in Canadas, he will find the price rise from 190, at which he bought, to something higher, say 195.

When the price rises he can, if he chooses, exercise his option by calling the shares from his dealers and simultaneously selling them. He then receives the difference between 190 a share and 195 a share, and finds that he has now secured a profit equal to the return of his option money.

Supposing, however, which is more natural, that he has looked for a rise greater than this. When the price of the shares rises to 195, he recognises that he has at least secured the return of his option money, and naturally he wants to hold on and make a net profit. Eventually the shares are sellers at 200, when he considers that he has done well enough.

He exercises his option and secures the shares at 190, and closes at 200. Actually, as has been before mentioned, the difference of the accounts is equal to his receiving a cheque for an amount equal to 10 dol. per share on ten shares. This makes 100 dol. or £20.

The money he laid out in the first place is £10. Deducting this from the gross profit of £20, he finds that he is £10 to the good. In this transaction he has run his option in Canadas, and has made a profit. He will receive his cheque for £20 and the deal is closed.

Most of the leading stock and share dealers transact this kind of business, the National Share Exchange making a speciality of it.

J. H. (Bristol).—The craze is a passing one. Avoid speculations of this description.

R. G. A. (Aldershot).—The firm you name is perfectly reliable, even they are "outside" brokers.

H. McP. (Glasgow).—Why not try a local industrial company? But first make certain that it is doing well. You want an investment, and not a speculation.

J. F. F. (Streatham).—Sell at once.

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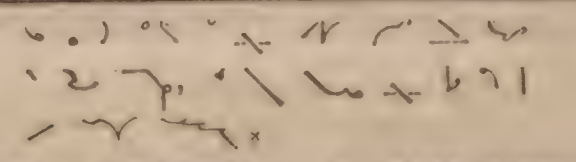

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THE KING OF KNAVES

By E. WADE LANG.

VIII. A PLAN AGLEY.

I choose that title because it was only in the natural scheme of things that one of the best-laid burglarious plans of the Honourable Mountjoy Ferris, M.P., should "gang agley."

It has never been my purpose to make him out any nearer the infallible than most men. He was gifted with resource, daring, and nerves of steel, but as a set-off against this indispensable equipment for a man who is addicted to crime he had an insatiable audacity which I had often thought would land him (and me) into unexpected trouble.

I did not like this scheme of his from the beginning. For one thing, the jewellers' shop was only a matter of twenty yards' distance from the mansion where we had our rooms. In fact, the block of buildings in which the shop was situated reached almost up to the mansions, being separated therefrom only by a narrow gulf composed of sheer walls. The bottom of the gulf was a passage-way leading to the rear of the shops.

To rob a jewellers' shop within such proximity seemed to me to savour of rank folly, and I did not hesitate to say so.

"Nonsense, my dear chap!" said Ferris. "Your very objection proves that we should be the last persons in the world to make the attempt if by any mischance suspicion inclined this way.

"Besides, you forget that my honoured father, the Earl, is landlord of the premises, and the idea that his son could do such a thing is one that could only occur to the inimitable Gilbert. No, no! The present opportunity is a gift of the gods, and we should deserve their desertion of us on future occasions if we let it go by.

"Here are the offices over the shop temporarily void, and myself with a key! If any entrance is to be forced at all—and I am by no means persuaded that it is possible—it is only from there we can do it. It might be done through the ceiling, but I rather fancy the basement. There's a back staircase from the offices to the yards, you know."

"But think of the watchman," I urged.

"Think of the stock," said he. "I assure you Ingram has got as pretty a window display as you will find in London. I happen to know, because I've made several trifling purchases there, particularly lately."

"But the safe is bound to be impregnable."

"We sha'n't touch the safe. The window will be quite good enough for us."

"You surely won't dare to touch that," said I, "with a light full on all night, as there's sure to be, and peepholes through the iron shutters for the watchman to look through every other minute."

"Every three minutes," he corrected gently. "He has a beat. The three jewellers in this quarter of the street run one man between them. I ascertained this without difficulty, just as I ascertained there is one corner of the shop which is not visible from outside. And the contents of a show-case in that particular spot will be amply sufficient to reward us for our inconvenience."

"How do you know this?" said I, doubtfully.

"Simply by taking a squint through one night. My dear Burke, this isn't a crib to be cracked with the ease of a walnut. I've had it in my mind for weeks. It may interest you to know that, but for my intervention, the late tenants of the offices would be there now. I've been quite industriously examining lately the way the guv'nor's agent has been looking after his property, and the old chap's highly pleased, though the agent isn't.

"However, that's a minor matter. The crib's there, a positive challenge to the expert cracksman, and I've set my heart on having a go at it. What say?"

"You want my help?"

"I can't do it alone," he admitted frankly. "Put together . . . ."

The inflection was flattering, as was the suggestion that I was invaluable to him. Besides, there was the smile on his lips and that laughing devil in his eye which meant with him crime for the novel delight of the thing.

Evidently he still read reluctance in my face, for he rose from his saddle-bag chair, and, coming over, placed his hand on my shoulder and gazed down at me.

"You old Irishman!" said he. "Your conscience would be your ruin if I allowed it."

It was impossible to escape the contagion of his humour. I stood up also, and his eyes twinkled satisfaction.

"Now come along," he added, "and I'll take you over the offices. I guarantee when you've seen the lay of the land, and how the chance is all ready-made for us, you'll be as keen as I am."

"In broad daylight?" I queried in surprise, for the time was afternoon.

"Certainly," said he. "What more natural? I have a perfect right to be there, and you may be a prospective tenant for all anyone knows to the contrary. I just want to point out where *you'll* come in useful. If you agree to lend me the support I'm hoping for, we'll make the attempt to-night. I can see you will, like the loyal old pal you always are."

He handed me my silk hat and took his own, and a minute or two later two gentleman of immaculate appearance and apparently stainless character let themselves through the door adjoining the shop of Messrs. Ingram and Co., jewellers, from which they emerged a short time afterwards and proceeded along the street towards Piccadilly arm-in-arm.

II.

Ferris's plan was to get to work about nine o'clock; that is to say, an hour after the premises were closed.

For this step he had several reasons. To begin with, there would be nothing extraordinary enough to excite notice in our entering the offices at that time, especially when there would be the usual throng of passers-by.

Then the very noise of the traffic would minimise the risk of his operations being heard. There was a barred window to the basement at the back that we knew of, and at least one steel door (so Ferris declared), if not two, to be cut through; and this he could not hope to effect without a sound.

Again, he wanted the undertaking to be over, if possible, in time for us to show ourselves at Lady Barrymore's reception, to which we had been invited that night. He anticipated that the elation of success would be ours by midnight or thereabouts, and, in his own words, "We must not allow pleasure to interfere with duty."

It is scarcely necessary to explain that it was the social obligation which he deemed a duty. The pleasure, as we were soon to discover, was destined to be of a peculiar and unimagined order.

Wearing the orthodox evening dress beneath our overcoats, opera hat on head, we left the mansions as nine o'clock was striking and covered the brief distance to our destination at a leisurely stroll.

In another moment I was smelling dust again in the hall belonging to the offices, this time with a beating heart. Ferris had closed the door behind us with the silent rapidity with which he had opened it.

I stooped, and slipped a pair of felt slippers over my shoes, Ferris doing the same. Then we crept quietly up the wooden uncarpeted stairs.

At the top of the stairs was a landing, with a door leading to the large room at the front, another leading to a smaller room behind it, and yet another at the opposite end communicating to the lavatory.

These details I had learned during the afternoon, or I should have known nothing of them now, for we were in pitch darkness, and Ferris as yet would show no light.

The staircase connecting with the back was at the far end of the passage, and we groped our way towards it and descended. At the bottom of it was a door, whose bolts creaked as Ferris withdrew them, despite his care. Then narrow stone steps to the left in the fresh air of night, and we were in the area outside the basement of the shop with the barred window before us.

So far we had spoken no word since leaving the street, but now Ferris would not be denied one of his characteristic observations.

"The futility of iron bars," he whispered, after feeling with his fingers, "is complete when they are embedded in wood. Now, in days of wisdom they put their trust in stone. I'll have the bottom framework of this out wholesale in two jiffs. . . . *By Jove! what's that?*"

He had just commenced to prise the jemmy between the bricks and the woodwork, and my eyes were fixed on the glinting steel. At the startled exclamation, whispered though it was, my heart stood still.

Swiftly he placed his hand over my mouth to stop any reply I might make. In tense immobility we stood for several seconds. Then he sent a shock through me by his next remark, breathed almost inaudibly into my ear.

"There's somebody on our tracks. Not a word!"

And, gripping me by the wrist, he led me up the stone steps and across the yard, away from the door through which we had recently come. There was no back exit, unless one scaled numerous high walls and fences, and it looked as though we were trapped.

Ferris drew me into the shadow of an outhouse.

"No need for alarm," he whispered. "But we don't want to show ourselves if we can help it. If it comes to it, we shall brazen the matter out—returned for an umbrella that we left this afternoon and came down here thinking we heard something—Sst!"

A back window had been softly thrown up, and a head looked out. We caught the faint murmur of a voice, then another head appeared for an instant, and the window was closed again.

I was shaking; more with excitement than fear, I believe.

Ferris chuckled.

"My g-a-d! if I'm not mistaken . . . they're on the same game as ourselves."

And I saw his lips part in a silent laugh.

"Never!" I managed to utter.

"Wait! This is rich! What a merry jest if they do all the work for us and we nip in at the finish and appropriate the boodle! Dead mum now, Burke, till we're sure."

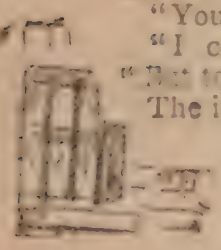
And sure we were inside half a minute.

Two dark forms passed from the back door of the offices to the stone steps and down them, and almost immediately afterwards there came a tiny flash of light. The intruders were handling an electric pocket-lamp.

The light disappeared, followed by silence, punctuated for me by thumping pulses. Then the sound of splintering wood dissipated all doubts. They were breaking in.

This was a situation too extraordinary for me to define my sensations. I can't tell whether I was relieved or disappointed. I know that professional jealousy awoke in me at the celerity with which they forced an entrance.

Half-past nine was chiming when the dark forms climbed up and through the darker aperture. We could now give the alarm, if we liked, or get away



by the way we had come; but I did not want to do either; nor, it is certain, did Ferris. We had sufficient conceit to object to being outdone at our own game.

"They seem to know their business," whispered Ferris, "and they ought to be through within a couple of hours, if they go the right way about it. I'd rather be on the job myself, though . . . . Wonder how they got in! More likely by the skylight on the roof than the street-door. . . . Beastly slow, this . . . ."

An hour went by.

"Wonder what they're up to now," he muttered. "I've a jolly good mind to go and see."

"Don't be a fool!" I urged in an undertone. "A thousand to one they'd hear you."

But he was off, with a word to me to remain where I was. I saw him pause at the window, evidently listening. Then he vaulted through it, agile and silent as a cat. I had not finished cursing him inwardly for his reckless folly when he was out again and back, whispering in my ear gleefully.

"They've cut a hole in the ceiling and are in the office behind the shop, working at the steel door. Really most dexterous gentlemen! They almost tempt me to join forces. But we'll do better, as hinted aforesaid."

"How?" said I anxiously, for this was a problem I had been vainly trying to solve.

"Accost them when they come out. Name of the law—you understand? They're sure to scrap, but they'll have to drop the bag of boodle to do it. And what they'll be anxious to do more than anything will be to save their skins. Let your man go after a fair pretence of a tussle. We'll take our stand in the rear doorway of the offices. That will leave them the back way to escape, and we can sail out all serene from the front. Come on."

It was madness, but when Ferris took the lead with that ring of devilry in his tone discretion fled to the winds.

One leaning against either side of the doorway, we underwent another interminable wait, hearing the traffic of the street, but listening more intently for any sound from within the shop.

And at last Ferris stirred, and retreated a couple of steps, pulling me back with him.

"Let them get inside first," he breathed, "and take the man nearest to you."

And the next thing I knew was that I was struggling desperately with an undersized man who hissed and gasped with his face on my chest. I felt my feet stumbling over something he had dropped, and we went down with a thud. Then he squirmed like an eel out of my relaxed grip, and darted off into the darkness.

The door was shut behind him and bolted ere I had regained my feet, and Ferris was shining a light about from an electric torch. Darting a hand down, he picked up a bag, opened it, and laughed triumphantly.

"Well done!" he said softly. "A captivating haul in very truth!" And he held its scintillating contents before my eyes.

"Out with the light!" said I in a fever. "Let's get out of this, quick."

"Half a sec," he returned. "We must store this lot in our pockets first. It would never do for us to be seen carrying this bag."

And this he was calmly proceeding to do when a sudden shrill whistling made him snap instantaneous darkness upon us.

"Saints!" I cried. "Listen."

"Those fools have muffed it," hissed Ferris. "Run into the arms of the police, or the robbery's been detected from the window. That's a police whistle! By Jove! this looks healthy."

"The front!" I cried. "Dare we get out at the front?"

"With part of the swag in my pocket, and the rest in my hand? Not much! Steady, Burke."

The tone was cool, and so was the hand that found mine and held it while he thought.

"This way," he said, curtly. "Take a hold of my coat, and tread light. There's somebody trying to force the street-door. The blessed district is alive."

And he took me up those back stairs, along the landing, and up another flight at a run.

In the top attic we could see stars through an open skylight.

"On my back," commanded Ferris, "and haul me up when you're through."

And in less than a minute we were on the flat, leaded roof. The whistlings seemed now to come from all quarters beneath us.

"Stoop and follow me," said Ferris. "Your opera-hat in your inner pocket. That's it. There's only one chance, and we've got to take it. Hear that? Some excited individual from a window across the way has seen us and is yelling."

Even as he spoke we had reached the parapet at the end of the block of buildings, beyond which was a gulf little wider than a garden path, but with a ghastly drop between.

"We're going across," he said. "Take it coolly."

"I can't," I moaned.

"You can, right enough. I'll go first, and give you a hand if you need it."

And he did it with an unconcern that shamed me out of my terror.

"Good man!" he said as I followed. And with a speed that yet contained no flurry, and without a backward glance, he went ahead crouching, until we reached the right-hand side of the roof of our mansions. Shouts sounded, but they were behind us and below, and so far it seemed that no pursuer had got to the roofs.

"Down here," said Ferris, skirting a pile of chimneys, and he pointed to the iron ladder of the mansions' fire-escape which came curling over the edge of the parapet. And with a gallantry that even then I found time to admire he made way for me to descend.

With wonderful judgment he had found the ladder which ran past the balcony window of his rooms. Here the noise of the chase died down, and hope of escape raced through me.

"Here! allow me," said Ferris, joining me on the narrow balcony, and he opened the window, stood aside for me to enter, and followed.

"Now a clean-up in the bath-room," he added. "No; we won't risk a light here. It's quite on the cards we've been seen. We're going out again."

"Again!" I echoed blankly.

"Certainly! There's Lady Barrymore's reception, and we must be on the way there within three minutes. Don't ask questions, old chap. It's imperative."

And he tossed the bag that he had brought with him on to the top of the wardrobe.

He brushed my clothes vigorously the while I washed, and I did the same for him. Then we strolled out to the lift-gates and rang the bell.

At the bottom in the hall of the mansions a couple of policeman and a keen-faced, grey-haired man in a lounge suit hurried in as we were about to pass out.

All three touched their hats to the Honourable Mountjoy Ferris, M.P., second son of the Earl of Portington.

"Hello, Inspector!" said Ferris, addressing the man in the lounge suit. "Any trouble about?"

"A burglary at Ingram's, the jewellers, Mr. Ferris. We've got a couple of them, but I believe there are some more, and that they've taken refuge hereabouts somewhere from the roof. Anyhow, we shall have to look through the rooms."

"Have they, by Jove! Well, they can't have chosen mine because I've just left them. I say, Burke, we'd better see the fun. Where first, Inspector? The top floor?"

And we assisted in the fruitless search with commendable zest.

NOTICE TO NEWSAGENTS.

Newsagents who do not receive a poster with their weekly supply of the MODERN MAN are invited to send a postcard to our Publishing Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. A poster will then be sent to them regularly post free.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

P. F. W. (7th Brigade R.F.A., Lahore).—Many thanks for having our photograph stuck up in your bunk. You say you have placed it between the photo of Miss Maidie Hope and that of Johnny Summers; we appreciate the compliment.

G. A. CORNWALL (Raglan House, Brunswick Street, Swansea) contemplates making a tour of the world shortly, and is anxious to get into correspondence with readers in foreign countries.

COBURN (Portsmouth).—Do not attempt to mend the broken china. You would probably smash it up worse than ever. Any china merchant in your town will get it mended for you cheaply and skilfully.

F. B. ADRIAN (Charleville, Queensland) wishes to correspond with any English reader who would care to write to him.

L. G. (Birmingham).—The article "How to Increase Your Height" appears in No. 7, which number is now entirely out of print and obtainable only by advertising for it. We are, however, arranging for a further article on this subject by Dr. Robertson.

J. C. (Farnborough).—Have nothing to do with the firm you mention, or with any other firm that advertises home employment.

H. G. W. (Coventry).—We have already dealt exhaustively with etiquette for men, and one of these days we may reprint the articles in book form. We take it that you are a new reader; otherwise you would have seen these articles. We venture to think you would find it a good investment to get your newsagent to obtain for you all possible back numbers. We must warn you, however, that the majority of our back numbers are now out of print.

J. M. (Langside).—Hens that are penned in for laying should be fed on the best stuff procurable. We have already commissioned several articles on poultry, and they will appear shortly.

S. W. F. (Streatham).—You must not refer to us for a verdict in connection with the bet you have made on a certain political question. Our own politics depend wholly upon what we think is most beneficial to the general trade of the country. All parties have their good points and their bad, and, realising this, we do not care to bias our readers by praising one more than another.

"RIGHUM" (Stamford).—Broaden your shoulders by all means, but do not neglect the rest of your physique. Mr. Mitchell is constantly giving exercises which will serve your purpose.

C. H. (Kirkcaldy).—We are much amused at the comment made by various Y.M.C.A. magazines on our recent article; we shall deal with our critics in due course.

N. G. M. (Purley).—The best way to remove stains from the hands is to rub them with the juicy part of a lemon and then wash in hot water.

J. C. (Tamworth).—It is not advisable to learn typewriting if you do not like shorthand, as the knowledge of one is of very little use without the other in modern offices.

A. G. (Chorley).—To keep your balance in rinking, do not throw your body too far forward; if you are skating alone, keep your hands folded loosely behind you.

F. H. (Birmingham).—Leggings that lace with eyelets up the front are very comfortable to wear; but they take a long time to put on. Those that lace with hooks are fastened more quickly, but they do not look so well, and are not so suitable for riding. Many men consider that the eyelet lace legging is worth the trouble it entails; it all depends on whether you value time or comfort and appearance the most.

C. H. M. (Exeter).—Gold tie-pins and sleeve-links are quite correct wear for a man who is in mourning, but at such a time it is not considered very good taste to make a lavish display of jewellery of any description.

P. G. (Harrow).—Don't wear white shirts with soft cuffs if you wear a frock-coat.

THE AFTER YEAR

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

By HOUGHTON GERRARD.

Inside the cosiest room of a very comfortable house—as bachelor quarters go—an excellent fire blazed in the brightest of grates.

Over the many-patterned hearthrug two fat arm-chairs looked at one another, and by the side of the fireplace was an excellent pipe-rack, well stocked with briars, massive cherrywoods, and fireside clays of various colourings and ages. Holding an honoured place amid the wall-decorations, a shield-shaped school crest painted on wood was suspended, and above the mantelpiece an oar—memento of a very great day—hung in chains and much metaphorical splendour.

The door of the room opened. Jimmy Lindsay entered whistling mad cake-walky stuff, as men do when the stern business of the Life Game has been knocked out of them for a moment—when the brain is young and joyous again, and the mantle of the storm-wracked years has fallen from their shoulders.

A man used to comfortable surroundings comes to disregard them in time, and is always ready to exchange them for the artificial social atmosphere of the barmaid-adorned smoke-room. Jimmy Lindsay came under this general head applicable to bachelordom, but to-night he took rather a pride in his quarters.

The fellows who knew him in his genial, if insincere, comradeship of the saloon lounge, might have marvelled to see him pottering about, his briar in his mouth, arranging things generally.

For the first time Lindsay caught himself finding fault with little things that did not matter to him in the ordinary round of everyday life. Those flowers might have been better arranged. . . . He went round the room, placing the vases in different positions, eyeing them with the critical air of an expert in decorative art. The scattered music on the top of the piano, he found looked better in piled order.

A picture half-an-inch askew here . . . an ornament out of place there. . . . Lindsay moved things and measured relative quarters of inches with an instinctive, if uncultured, eye, until at last, his world and all that therein was seemed good and for a while he rested, puffing stolidly at his briar and contemplating these things with much satisfaction.

A knock at the street door startled him. He jumped up, arranged his tie, paced the room.

Then, amid heart-beats, he waited. . . . No sound of a familiar voice. . . .

It was a telegram. Bart Craven, returned to England from the Back of Beyond, arrived in—he looked at the clock—just a half hour. Lindsay read it over several times and mentally told himself that he would endeavour to be less excited when Bart arrived *in propriâ personâ*.

Seven years! Truly it is an age in the eyes of youth. Seven years of a Whistler-drawn existence, full of vague impressions, the most insistent of which was that things had never been quite the same since Bart left England to seek his fortune or his fate somewhere south of the Equator in worlds, which for Jimmy Lindsay existed only in books of travel. Before that seven-year era of mediocrity the incidents in his life had been distinguished for their clarity of outline. There had been hard and good games with Bart Craven, his partner on the inside-left; boxing bouts with a thick-lipped but good-humoured Craven applying the customary cold sponge to the back of his neck, following upon the "tapping of the claret"; chance mounts with the local harriers with Bart giving him a lead over the stiffest fences. . . . Then—good-bye to Bart, blankness of the world generally, followed by a colourless seven years.

Ended now, thank God! To-night there would be little scraps of the old phraseology. A thousand "D'you remember——" and the gates of the past would spring apart to that "open sesame" of old friendship. Do you remember? . . .

The contemplative Lindsay crossed to a cupboard and took out an old cigar-box. He searched amid its varied contents and discovered it at last—two sheets of an old letter dropped in half with age and much reading, one sheet mixed up with a tailor's bill, the other reposing in a never-to-be-forgotten dance programme.

Perhaps it was a little too sentimental as men's letters go. . . . Yet its ringing sincerity excused it. "Whatever the after years may bring, old man, you know who is the one chap who'll not be forgetting his old pal. In good times or bad, one end of the world or the other, when we meet again you will find me the same. . . ."

Jimmy read the flowing confident "fist" of his friend of the long ago, and with a happy laugh threw it into the box again.

He sat down in the arm-chair, leaned forward and poked the fire into a brighter blaze, and looked at the clock.

"'You will find me the same,'" he quoted from the letter. The hand crept round to the full hour. It chimed forth softly.

On the last stroke of nine there was the familiar knock, "Two—three—and two" (smartly) on the door.

Bart—upon the tick of time!

Two seconds later Mr. Craven was announced.

Somehow, he seemed a long time entering. . . . Lindsay, who had imagined himself receiving an ulstered friend unboisterously and *sans ceremonie* walked at last to the room door. In the hall he caught a back view of a broadened Bart—actually hanging up his coat upon the pegs!

In the old days the coat would have been flung on the chair. . . . Lindsay watched him silently, fascinated, and choked back a desire to rush forward and grasp him by the hand.

Bart turned at last.

"Well, how *are* you, old boy?" he asked quietly, putting out his hand.

"My *dear* chap!" Jimmy Lindsay crushed the limp, expressionless hand in his own.

"*My* hand, when you've done with it!" said an agonised Bart.

"Bart I'm so pleased——" Lindsay faltered, "so pleased to see you, you know ——."

"Now, that's kind of you. Lead the way, and I'll come right in."

"This way, this way." Something was still chanting a joyous pæan in Jimmy Lindsay's ears.

Bart Craven, bronzed and moustached, gazed round awkwardly (why did he not fall into a chair and rest his feet on the mantelpiece or in the coal-scuttle as usual?)

"Sit down, man." There was a surprised catch in Lindsay's voice.

"Thanks," said Bart. Lindsay was still existing uncertainly in a haze, for the usual formula was "All right, old sport," in the breeziest of tones.

Jimmy Lindsay looked at this strange Bartholomew Craven. In the old days bottles of beer had been their portion. Now he found himself wondering whether that beverage would *do*.

His thoughts were interrupted by Bart Craven's "May I smoke?" (In the long ago Craven would have produced the foulest smelling of shag-filled briars and lighted it, oblivious of the consideration due to landladies.) "Smoke? Certainly." There was a lack of familiarity now even in Jimmy Lindsay's tone.

Bartholomew Craven applied a match to a cigarette, and fell to studying the pattern on the hearth-rug in silence.

"Half a sec.——" Lindsay, for the first time in his life, was delighted to find that there was some whisky in the house, and also a syphon of soda. Probably this would suit the—the *stranger*—in his room better than beer.

He returned, bearing the bottle and the syphon.

"Have a whisky-and-soda, Bart?" he queried.

"Oh, thanks." Lindsay uncorked the bottle wearily. Why was it that a less polite reply would have seemed more appropriate from Craven's lips?

His hand shook a little as he handed the glass to Craven. Vaguely he hoped Craven would notice it and ask him *why*. It might touch the necessary spring.

"Been leading the gay life, Lindsay?" asked Craven.

"Late nights," Jimmy agreed weakly. The life he had been leading, however, was far from "gay."

"Here's luck," said Bart.

There was no enthusiastic toast such as Lindsay had expected.

"Thanks," replied Jimmy Lindsay, and gulped his drink down.

"Well, where have you been?" asked Lindsay, after an interval.

"Africa, India, Australia," Craven answered. "Been rather too busy to write frequently."

Africa, India, Australia. Then why was not this man full of it all? Why weren't the details, the friendly excerpts, tumbling over themselves in his brain for utterance?

Lindsay stifled a wish to cross over and shake him into life and warmth.

Perhaps this—*visitor*—might have thought it unseemly!

Jimmy Lindsay smoked for a space.

"By the way, I've got something to show you, Bart, old boy," he said. "Something that may interest you."

"Oh. . . . Well, I should like to see it, of course, only"—he looked at the clock—"I haven't much time. Several little things I want to do."

"Let 'em wait a minute, Bart," said Lindsay, almost angrily. Then his tone softened again.

He picked the letter out of the cigar-box and handed it, smiling, to his friend.

"This," he said, simply.

Bartholomew Craven read it. Jimmy Lindsay, standing by, watched the expression on his face, and waited for the genuine hand-grip that was certain to follow spontaneously.

He watched. . . . It was a smile dawning on Craven's countenance . . . an amused smile! It broadened, until at last he burst into ringing laughter.

"My godfathers," he said, feelingly, when his merriment had subsided. "What a sentimental idiot I must have been in those days!"

* * * * * * *

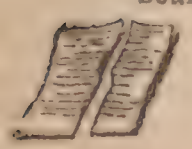
Lindsay's hand dropped to his side.

"Shall I help you on with your coat? Glad to see you looking so well, Craven," he said, after a pause.

"Oh yes, I take a lot of killing!" Craven said, as Lindsay ushered him out of the hall. "Good-night. Probably look you up some time to-morrow."

"Right you are. Good-night, Craven." Lindsay closed the door and stood for a moment on the mat thinking deeply.

Then he walked swiftly into the room . . . and into the blazing flames he cast a letter torn in far more fragments than the original two.



SPORT IN PICTURES

A NEW FIELD FOR ARTISTS.

Watch the average man as he walks down the street. He will stride along, concerned with nothing but the business on which he is bent; but after a while you will, perhaps, see him stop abruptly outside a picture-shop window, and gaze at the paintings exhibited inside, with rapt interest.

This is because those pictures are of sporting subjects. There is nothing that grips the attention of the average man quicker than a sporting picture, unless, perhaps, it is the original depicted by it.

We all know that there is a glamour about the artist's life that is met with in few other professions; and that glamour must be even more accentuated and deeply felt in the case of the sporting artist. By this word I mean not a man who sketches sports for the Press, but one who uses his brush as a vehicle for presenting at second-hand the thrill that every outdoor game and sport possesses for the healthy man.

Nobody will deny that to execute a good picture of any subject one must be able to see that subject clearly in one's mind's eye. One must not miss a single detail. So that it is clear that a sporting artist must first of all be a sportsman. If the spirit of sport runs vigorously in his blood, then assuredly will he derive unbounded exhilaration from his work.

Take, for instance, riding. Think of the thrill that must come to the artist who is executing a picture of a strong man on a mettlesome horse. All the muscles of his body are attuned to his subject; and his heart rises within him, and his pulse beats faster, with every stroke he draws.

UNDER A SUMMER SUN—

Then, another subject that should possess special attractions for the artist is cricket. A table expanse of green, with the glorious sun of England shining down upon it, casting velvety black shadows over the smooth turf, as white-garbed players flit across it, and majestic trees swaying in a light summer breeze, is surely a subject worthy of any painter's brush.

Some years ago the writer was present at a Test match between England and Australia at Kennington Oval. One of the Australians hit a ball hard past C. B. Fry, along the ground. Like a flash it sped on its way to the ropes; but though it seemed impossible to save the boundary, the old Oxonian triple Blue turned and raced after it. And the roar of cheering that broke out all round the great enclosure when, within two feet of the boundary, he leapt forward and picked it up, will probably ring in his ears until his last breath. And, what is more, if any artist could have seized the look of almost fierce exultation on Fry's face as he picked up that ball to hurl it back to the wicket, and could set the scene down in glowing colours upon canvas, it is odds that he would make a mark in the history of art that would never fade away.

—AND A WINTER ONE.

A subject that would form a contrast with the placid serenity of a cricketing scene, but which would make a none the less rousing picture, would be the game of football. Picture in your mind's eye, reader, a deep red sun sinking towards the horizon through a faint, bluish mist, and on a bleak and sparsely turfed field, two teams battling like warriors for victory. This would make a painting that would cause young men's breath to come quicker, and make old men's eyes grow dim with a vain longing for the sporting joys that once were theirs.

Let us change the scene once again. We find ourselves in a brilliantly-lighted hall; but the glare of the lamps is toned down by the curling blue wreaths of hundreds of smokers. In the roped-and-staked enclosure in the centre, two men, naked from the waist upwards, are facing one another, one crouching, grim, threatening, seeking out every chance for a smashing blow,

the other erect, equally watchful, and fearless of the purposeful expression in his opponent's eye. Watch in hand, the referee looks on, his keen eyes on the alert for any suspicion of foul play. Have we not here a fitting subject for an artist's brush?

A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH.

The angler's thrill of exultation as he whips his finny victim from the clear waters of a river, or that splendid feeling of loyal sporting co-operation that only oarsmen experience in the hour of battle—these might well inspire a painter's muse; but strange to say, they are subjects for which one looks in vain at most galleries and exhibitions of art.

True, we often enough come across yachting scenes which seem to bring the keen breath of the sea air to our cheeks, and the pungent taste of the dashing spray to our lips. Again, we sometimes find a hunting picture—a stretch of glorious English country, hounds in full cry, and the field well up with them—and for such pictures, when we meet them, we are profoundly grateful.

WHAT WE DO GET

But, alas! the sporting picture is by no means a sufficiently recognised feature in the artistic world, and it is difficult to see why it should have been so long and so sadly neglected.

At any art gallery or exhibition of paintings, ancient or modern, one comes across nude women to a fatiguing extent, insipid children fondling cats and rabbits in numbers that pall unbearably, and uninteresting portraits of uninteresting people by the hundred. It is time that artists turned their talents to the depicting of sporting subjects. If they did, they would earn the gratitude of thousands of sporting lovers of art.

R. MACDONELL.

DARK HORSES.

It is an interesting question whether the racing season—both over the sticks and on the flat—in 1910 will present as great a crop of winning outsiders as have the last few years.

The sensational victory of the outsider, Signorinetta, at 100 to 1 in the Derby of 1908 recalled the feat of Mr. Larnach's Jeddah in the "Blue Riband" ten years previously at the same price; and the victory of Rubio in the Grand National two years ago at the long odds of 66 to 1 is by way of contributing a record.

But some of the most sensational wins on the part of rank outsiders have occurred, strange to say, in the Cesarewitch.

The race of 1861 was a notable instance, when Audrey, a mare ridden by the great jockey Custance started at 100 to 1, and won a great race by a bare length from Asteroid. The Cesarewitch was won in 1850 by Glauca at 66 to 1, in 1851 by Mrs. Taft at 150 or so to 1, and in 1853 by Haco, who started at 50's; so that the great Newmarket handicap may be safely said to have provided some surprises in its time.

THE FAILURES OF ROGERS.

SOME OF THE DOINGS OF A VERSATILE IDIOT.

Rogers cannot command success, but like that classic fellow whose name I've forgotten, he deserves it.

For he has tried so many different things has Rogers, and it's been the triumph of failure every time.

He fancied himself at one time a drawing-room entertainer, but his conjuring was the ghastliest attempt I ever witnessed.

His illusions took no one in, while his ventriloquism was that of a dumb man; it consisted of grimaces and gestures, the voice being conspicuous by its silence.

Then he turned to hypnotism. He held what he called an exhibition of thought-reading and table-turning.

He made, as was usual, an exhibition of himself, and got into trouble by telling secrets that were not "thoughts," and finally the end came when some wag turned the table, which refused to move for Rogers, over on to that unlucky professor, and pinned him down while the gas was put out and the spectators departed.

He was quiet for some time after that, revolving another big failure. Then he suddenly evinced a taste for outdoor sports.

Pedestrianism caught his fancy—I don't know why; possibly because he was the poorest walker that ever existed.

He agreed to walk from East to West in less than record time, and bought a pedometer, and a most wonderful get up.

And, such is the foolishness of human beings, because Rogers was so certain he could do it, although he'd never succeeded in anything yet, a lot of chaps believed him and took him seriously.

Some of them put quite a lot on him, and Rogers went out and gathered enough parsley to make a wreath for two bigger heads than he'd got, and his is a large one.

"Parsley for the victor," the ass said with a smile that made him look sillier than he is.

The only remarkable thing about Rogers's feat was that he gave up quicker than any man that ever walked. He sat down on the first milestone he came to, and had to be helped home.

He said it was corns. The folks that fail can always explain the reason!

He has plenty of money, has Rogers, and he purchased a steam yacht a little while ago, but happily he was induced to lend it to his wife's brother, who is an explorer or something of that kind, and he vamoosed with it to the Antarctic before Rogers had the chance of sending any of us to a watery grave.

Rogers is a source of danger on dry land—but on the sea!

Last year Rogers had another splendid bankruptcy.

He invited all the chaps he knew to a grand display of fireworks in his suburban garden. The fireworks were of his own making and some of his own invention, so he proudly informed his guests.

It was sure to be exciting—though not in the sense Rogers meant it to be.

Those of us who had experience of his wonderful feats prepared to dodge the various articles of Rogers's pyrotechnical skill. Others, more timid, safeguarded themselves indoors, and looked on from the back windows.

Rogers really managed the Catherine wheels very well. I have reason to think that he purchased these ready-made.

The other things seemed to baffle him somewhat. His Roman candles were only Roman in their determination not to go off. His squibs and crackers partook of the nature of damp jokes, while his Greek fire was only the ordinary fire, which had to be quenched with the garden hose.

His rockets were not akin to Rogers's high ambitions—they remained on earth.

All that Rogers did was to ruin his garden, spoil his clothes, and bring out the local Fire Brigade under the impression that there was a fire in his back premises.

SIGISMUND SMITH.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

TO CLEAN AN UMBRELLA.

If your umbrella has fallen into the mud or been splashed, and you cannot brush the dirt off, the best way to get it clean is to wash it thoroughly with soap and water.

First of all grease the inside ribs, so as to prevent them from rusting. Then proceed to wash the cover, scrubbing the dirty parts with a soft brush; next rinse it with cold water inside and out, and leave it to dry.

The umbrella must be kept open all the time, and when it is dry it will look as good as new.

WHEN BUYING CLOTHES.

It is an indisputable fact that, no matter what you are buying, it is far better and more economical to give a good price for it; but there are many men who do not recognise this.

For instance, if they are going out to buy a pair of boots, prepared to give eleven or twelve shillings at least for them, and they happen, to notice a pair offered at seven shillings or so, they will, in very many cases, buy the cheaper pair instead, thinking that the boots look quite as good as those they had thought of buying at first. But in all probability the boots will wear away to nothing in two or three months' time; whereas the more expensive boots would have lasted three or four times longer. Thus they will have to get yet another pair of boots, bringing their outlay to a greater figure than if they had at first spent more money on the better boots.

It is the same with gloves. One sees a lot of cheap gloves offered for sale; but they always manage to split between the fingers after a few weeks' wear. Socks, too, are no exception to the rule that when you are buying any article of wearing apparel it is far better to give a reasonable price for a good thing than to buy a cheap one that will not last.

CLEANING TIES.

A Manchester correspondent asks me if I can suggest a reliable method of cleaning ties. He possesses, he says, several pure silk knitted ones, costing 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. each. Naturally he is anxious to make such expensive luxuries last as long as possible, for the results of washing he finds to be disastrous, an iron being powerless to restore the appearance of the tie.

The only alternative I can suggest is to dip the tie in a bath of petrol. In an expensive tie of this kind the colour should be fast, and the spirit will soon remove the dirt, and will quickly evaporate when the tie is hung up to dry in the open air.

I do not profess to have tried the experiment with knitted ties, but I know its efficacy with light gloves and similar articles, and if the tie be spread out after its immersion an iron should not be needed.

If the tie is not badly soiled it should be possible to clean it by rubbing it over with a sponge or flannel dipped in petrol or benzoline, and this will obviate any danger of its emerging like a wet rag and losing its shape.

THE PRICE OF TIES.

My Manchester friend's letter raises an interesting point in connection with what I have written above with regard to buying clothes.

To many men 5s. 6d. will seem an exorbitant price to pay for a tie, and they would be quite content with a tie of mercerised cotton, which, for a time at least, looks almost as effective as silk and costs less than a fifth of the price.

But an expensive tie of this kind will last almost indefinitely if it is well treated, so that if wear is your object it is undoubtedly sound economy to pay a good price at the outset.

But there is another side to the question. The tie is one of the most conspicuous parts of a man's attire. If he possesses but a few suits, he can at least vary his appearance by altering the style and colour of his tie.

For this reason many men prefer quantity to quality, and would rather have a number of less expensive ties than a few costly ones.

One can get a very presentable tie for a shilling, or even less, and if it is one of a large number, and so is not worn frequently, it will last perhaps for a year or two, which is all the average man requires.

The ideal, of course, is to have a large number of ties, and those all of the expensive variety, but as we are not all millionaires yet, in spite of what our politicians promise us from time to time, this must in most cases remain an ideal.

I am inclined to think, therefore, that for the man with a limited purse, ties form the one exception to the rule that it pays to get the best. You do not get tired of your boots or gloves, but both you and your friends are very liable to get tired of a tie that is worn continually.

FIXING PUTTEES.

A London correspondent asks what is the correct method of putting on puttees, and as the subject may be of interest to more readers than one, the Editor has asked me to deal with it on this page.

I am presuming that you wear the spiral puttee which is shaped to the leg, as these are the only ones which look really trim when they are on. With regard to those that are cut straight, there is no definite rule as to putting them on. They can be crossed and rolled according to taste, but they will never fit very close to the leg.

Most spiral puttees of the regulation military pattern have nicks cut in the cloth at the ankle to show which side should be uppermost. If your puttees are not so marked, you can only find by experience which is for which leg, and mark them accordingly. When not in use, they are rolled, of course, inside out, and with the tape in the centre of the roll.

Unroll about six inches of one puttee, turn it so that the nicked edge is uppermost and the roll on the further side of the unrolled cloth.

If when the puttee is in this position the roll is to the left of the loose end, place that end on the left ankle and wind the roll outwards when in front of the leg.

If, however, you find that you are holding the roll in the right hand, the puttee you hold should go on the right leg.

The square end at the ankle must be completely covered and not left so that a corner of it shows, or the puttee will come undone sooner or later.

Continue winding from the ankle to the knee, leaving from an inch to an inch and a half of each fold showing, according to the length of your leg.

See that each fold lies flat to the leg and is not loose at the lower edge, as it is very liable to be at the back of the calf.

Endeavour to arrange the puttee at the top so that the pointed end of the cloth comes on the outside of your leg—this is most important if you intend to ride in them, as otherwise it will rub against the saddle.

Then wind the tape round and round over the point, and finally fix it by passing the end round the band of tape two or three times—again on the outside of the leg. There is no need to tie a knot of any kind.

The important thing to remember is to begin winding in front of the leg and to wind outwards.

HOW TO KEEP THEM TRIM.

Always roll up puttees as you take them off. It is the only way to keep the shape, and it saves trouble when you want to put them on again. Also always wear them on the same leg.

When they get spattered with mud and require brushing it is a waste of time to unroll them and lay them flat on the floor for operation. You are then brushing a great deal of cloth that has never been exposed to the mud at all.

If the mud is sufficiently dry, brush them before taking them off, but if not, wait till you have put them on again next time, and brush them while they are on the leg.

If the edges are left raw, and become frayed, unroll them and trim them with a large pair of scissors, but do not do this unless it is absolutely necessary, for the treatment has to be continued.

If puttees are to be put away for any length of time, it is not a bad plan to roll them up as tightly as possible the wrong way—so that the tape comes outside and is wound round the roll and fixed. This keeps them in shape, and prevents their coming unrolled.

Many men cut off the tapes altogether, and substitute narrow breeches-straps, but with a little practice the tape can be quite firmly fixed.

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Sole Agents for the Colonies: GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

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Mandoline, splendid tone, with case complete, sell 12s., or exchange.—Box 1678, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bargain. — Handsome professional concert banjo, beautifully inlaid, nickel sounding drum, patent non-slipping pegs, splendid tone, cost £15; price, with leather case, £5 5s.—Box 1703, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Italian mandoline and outfit, in case complete, new, unused, 21s.; approval.—Bradley, Hillside, Blackwood, Mon.

Gramophone records, one dozen 12in., two dozen 10in., perfect; lot £3.—Box 1676, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"DIGS."

Wanted, by gentleman, for week-ends, farm digs where rough shooting and riding can be had.—Write stating terms, &c., to Box 1686, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, by City gentleman, bed-sitting-room, with board (North London). Terms must be moderate.—Box 1687, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

POULTRY YARD.

Hearson's 25-egg Incubator, perfect condition, 30s., fitted gas or oil.—Box 1688, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, 50-egg incubator, good condition; would exchange laying pullets or farm produce.—Box 1689, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Tamlin's Nonpareil incubator for sale, 60-egg size, everything complete, in good order, with drying box, ordinary and self-filling lamp, 32s. 6d.—Box 1690 "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

GARDENING.

Window Gardening.—Dutch Bulbs for pots and glasses. Hyacinths, 2d. each, 1s. 9d. dozen; Tulips and Narcissus, 6d. doz.; Scilla Siberica (Blue Snowdrop), Snowdrops, and Crocus, 4d. doz.—Whitehouse, Drayton Studio, Erdington.

DOGS.

Good spaniel dog, 2 years.—Particulars apply Brett, 97, Palgrave Road, Great Yarmouth.

What offers? Collie (cross), 3 years, black-and-tan, fond of children, splendid house dog.—Box 1691, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, well-bred sapling. Exchange high-class smooth Fox Terrier dog, fit to show, or sell cheap for cash.—Box 1692, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Prize-winning St. Bernards, also West Highland Terriers; show specimens or for companions, prices accordingly; puppies and adults, also dogs at stud.—Vere, The Mill House, East Coker, Yeovil.

MOTORS, CYCLES AND ACCESSORIES.

One pair motor goggles with leather sides, brand new; cash 3s. 6d.—Box 1693, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Acetylene bicycle lamp, only used few times; 10s. 6d.; cost double. Approval.—Box 1694, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's first-class free wheel cycle, up to date and as good as new, £3 15s.—Box 1695, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

One pair motor goggles, cost 23s. 6d., new, never been used. What offers?—Box 1696, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 16.

EDUCATIONAL.

"History of British Empire at Home and Abroad," Gresham Pub. Co., 6 vols.; beautifully bound; almost new; cost 54s. What offers? Approval.—Box 1680, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For Shorthand, see Sloan Duployan advt., page 19.

For sale, Encyclopædia Britannica, tenth edition, 35 vols., splendid condition. Cost £28; take 10gs.—Box 1697, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For Books, see Gresham & Co.'s advt., page 2 of cover.

MEDICAL.

Agents wanted everywhere to sell Dr. Carter's Embrocation, invaluable to all sportsmen and athletes. 2s. 9d. size bottle post free 10½d.—Send at once, Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

Men handsomely sunburnt immediately (Indian bronze), 9d., post free.—Binn, 4, Pit Lane, Bradford, Yorks.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 1627, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Castor oil biscuits, splendid for children unable to take castor oil; 10 biscuits 6d., post free.—Osborne, Woodleigh, H. Wood.

Physician's formula for brilliantine, P.O. 7d.—Box 1679, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"The Quickest Honest Road to Biggest Fortunes." Our book contains 400 real trade secrets and the "Know How." Post paid 1s. 2d.—G. M. Wilkes and Co., Publishers, Stockton, Rugby.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Turkish delight, home-made, in boxes of one pound, 1s. 4d., post free.—Osborne, Woodleigh, H. Wood.

Wanted, Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of "The Modern Man," clean and complete. State price.—Box 1675, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

5s. SAFETY RAZOR WITH 7 BLADES FOR 1s. 6d. Post free, in beautiful case complete, excellent quality and superior finish.—Cooper and Sons, 184, Upper Thames Street, London.

Wanted, first volume "The Modern Man." State price.—Box 1676, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert—1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—Wellworth & Co., Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Wanted, officer's sword (Claymore); must be of late pattern. — Box 1677, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£5 per week and upwards earned by advertisement writers. Opportunities for ambitious people. Prospectus post free. — (Dept. 38) Page-Davis Advertising School, 15, Oxford Street, London, W.

Typewriter, No. 7, Remington, condition as new, perfect working order, cash wanted; £10, or near offer.—Box 1632, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Nos. 19, 31, and 33 of "The Modern Man." State price.—Box 1698, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Agents wanted in every town and village to sell our real lever Simulation gold watches. Send 3s. 6d. P.O. to-day for sample watch.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

Gentleman's tie pin, style unique; sample 10d., post free.—New Art Jewellery Co., Turnstile Chambers, High Holborn, London.

PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.

Full List of 1,500 Special Bargains, Post Free.

10S. 6D.—Gent's heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent's £4 4s. Chesterfield Overcoat, latest West-End cut and finish, tailor-made, one of Longford's very best superfine quality, dark grey tweed, 40in. breast, never worn; sacrifice 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

25S.—Very fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Guarnerius, Anno 1712. Rich, mellow tone. Bow and case. Suit professional or soloist. Sacrifice, 25s., worth £10. Approval.

29S. 6D.—(Worth £7 7s.) Double Breech-Loader Gun; 12-bore, top lever, proof tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire; sacrifice 29s. 6d. Also another, hammerless, worth £10 10s.; sacrifice, 65s. Approval.

21S.—Gent's £5 5s. Solid Silver, Real English Hall-marked Lever Watch; exam. by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London; high-grade jewelled movement; timed to a few seconds a month; ten years' warranty. Also Gent's Solid Silver English Hall-marked Massive Curb Albert, with Silver Compass attached. Together, great sacrifice, £1 1s. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D. Gent's £4 4s. Fashionable dark-brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Real Russian Furs—latest style. Magnificent rich dark sable brown, 8ft. long Granville Stole, deep shaped collar, richly satin lined, beautifully trimmed 12 Russian tails and heads, and handsome large Granny Muff to match. Together, great sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval willingly.

9S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 9s. 6d. Approval.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

PROOF

OF THE REMARKABLE POWERS OF

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

THE GREAT TONIC AND RESTORATIVE.

Footballer and Cricketer forced to give up playing through Nervous Breakdown and Weakness. Is able to play again since taking Birley's Phosphorus.

Patient: MR. A. E. TORR, 84, Bridge Road, Stratford, London, E. Gasfitter. Unmarried. Age 30.

Mr. Torr thoroughly broke down from nervous weakness. He suffered very much from want of sleep, and his appetite quite failed him. An ardent cricket and football player, he was obliged to discontinue playing altogether, having no energy left scarcely for anything. "At the time I began Birley's Phosphorus" he writes, "I had given up all hope of ever being well again. I had been treated at a well-known Hydropathic Hospital in Derbyshire, and was, after that, eight months in a large London Hospital. I got relief at both these places but no cure. I used to be a fine football and cricket player before my health broke down, and had given up all hope of ever playing again. But after taking a few bottles of Birley's Phosphorus I was astounded at the change in my condition. Indeed, I am very pleased to say that I have been able to play cricket again this summer with the West Ham Park League. My appetite, which was very poor, is now excellent. I sleep well, and have increased in weight splendidly. I have spent pounds in various remedies, but there is nothing in my experience to equal Birley's Phosphorus. If my remarks should be read by any fellow sufferer, I shall be only too pleased to answer any questions on the matter personally or by letter. Call or write."

Nervous Prostration after Influenza, Loss of Energy and Depression.

Patient: MR. JOHN ROOKS, Guildhall, Whittlesford, Cambridgeshire. Unmarried. Age 24.

Ever since he had Influenza, two years ago, Mr. Rooks has been in very poor health. He first suffered from severe headaches and dizziness, followed by trembling, palpitation, and sleeplessness. He became very nervous and depressed, and was troubled with indigestion, though he had not much of an appetite. Failing to get any relief from the different remedies he had been trying, he decided to take Birley's Phosphorus. Then he found what he wanted, for in a short time he began to feel better. "I had been suffering," he writes, "from nervous depression for over a year when I began the Phosphorus. I felt as tired and done up of a morning as when I went to bed. I seemed to have lost all interest in life, having no energy left for anything. I tried many remedies, but nothing did me any good until I took Birley's Phosphorus. Considering the short time I have been taking it, the improvement in my health is really wonderful. I consider it a marvellous remedy, and would not be without it on any account. No doubt, I was looking very ill, and was getting thin. Now all my friends cannot help noticing the difference in me, and tell me how well I am looking. And I feel it, too, as I am quite a new man. The depression has gone; I feel brighter and happier, and do not any longer wish to avoid the company of others, but take a pleasure in seeking it."

WHY PHOSPHORUS IS THE BEST AND SUREST TONIC AND RESTORATIVE KNOWN.

It is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain and Nerves.

Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must give back to the Brain and Nerves the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

PHOSPHORUS, **properly** administered, has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Headache, Sleeplessness, Brain Fag, Nervous Indigestion, Neuralgia, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Faintness, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Vertigo or Giddiness, and those **vague and undefined nervous conditions** (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia—viz., Over-sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

Each and every one of the above distressing conditions can be made to yield to and disappear under the direct influence of Birley's Phosphorus.

Remember.—Worry, anxiety, overwork, and heavy responsibilities all oppress and debilitate the nervous system and pave the way for all manner of complaints. Birley's Phosphorus should here be allowed to give its incomparable aid. It invigorates, sustains, strengthens, and fortifies the nervous system.

As a reviver during stress of extra business and overwork it is invaluable, for it quickens and enriches the brain and nerves that bear the strain. You will be wise to fill in the coupon and secure a FREE Trial Bottle of this magnificent nerve restorative without delay.

A WEEK'S FREE TRIAL.

Send this Coupon (D.X. 44) To-day

to Gordon, Murray and Co., Ltd., 10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C., with Four Penny Stamps to cover Parcel Postage, Packing, and Dispatching, and a generous-sized Trial Bottle of Birley's Phosphorus (containing a Week's Supply) will be forwarded by return. Also pamphlet explaining how Phosphorus acts on the system. ONE Trial Bottle *only* to each applicant.

Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.

Birley's Phosphorus is obtainable of all Chemists, Stores, &c., at

9½, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6.